



**GIANT CRACKED** #46 JAN 87

# THE **CRACKED** ART OF **SEVERIN!**

ONLY  
\$2.00

\$2.25  
in  
CANADA

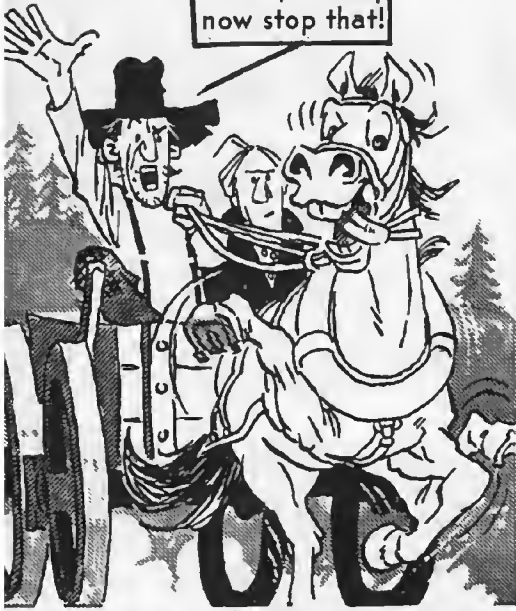
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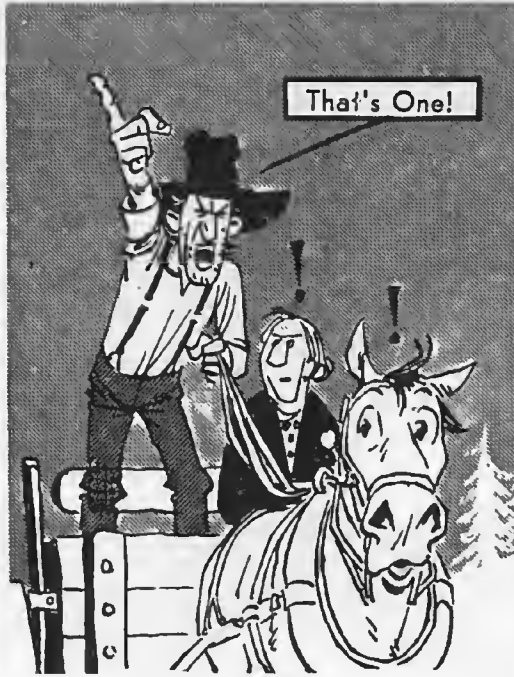


# STORY OF THE MONTH

Whoa, Bessie,  
now stop that!



That's One!



Whoa, Bessie,  
now cut that out!



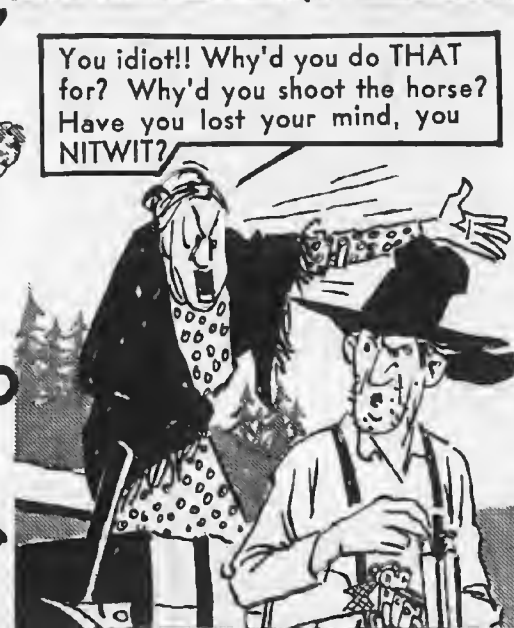
That's two!



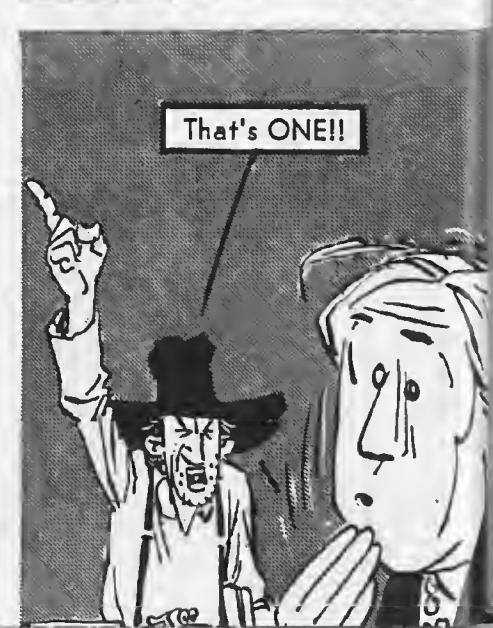
Whoa, Bessie, now  
that's the last straw!



You idiot!! Why'd you do THAT  
for? Why'd you shoot the horse?  
Have you lost your mind, you  
NITWIT?



That's ONE!!



# GIANT CRACKED #46

- 2 STORY OF THE MONTH
- 4 THE \$64,000,000 CRACKED-POT QUESTION
- 6 IT SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A DOG
- 7 FRENCH FORLORN LEGION
- 10 'ENRY 'IGGINS OF SCOTLAND YARD
- 13 ROMEO AND JULIET
- 16 ALASKA
- 19 BASEBALL STATISTICIAN
- 22 RATE YOUR PERSONALITY
- 24 DO IT YOURSELF CAPTIONS
- 26 SHAKESPEAREAN SHUT UPS
- 28 A DIAMOND IS FOREVER
- 29 PEOPLE WHO GET ON OUR NERVES
- 30 AT THE ART GALLERY
- 32 CURVYSEWER COGNAC
- 33 CLAN CLINKERS
- 38 MOTHER GOOSE CONFIDENTIAL
- 40 THE DREAM CAME TRUE
- 44 CRACKED LOOKS AT HUNTING & FISHING
- 46 HURRY UPS
- 47 THE STEVE ALLEN SHOW
- 53 BEASTYRUST SALE
- 56 A MARTIAN WRITES HOME
- 58 GET OUT THE VOTE!
- 59 SUPER FAN ELAN
- 63 ROOM 5C
- 67 CRACKED LOOK AT PHOTOGRAPHY
- 72 LONE RANCHER
- 74 CRACKED'S SNAPPY COMEBACKS
- 76 THE CONDEMNED MAN
- 77 SEVERIN BIO
- 78 HALP! I'M IN THE PACIFIC!
- 83 GO OCEAN
- 84 FULL COLOR SEVERIN COVER GALLERY

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VOLUME ONE  
SHOWCASING THE MANY  
CRACKED CLASSICS OF  
**SEVERIN!**



# THE \$64,000,000 CRACKED-POT QUESTION

Ladies and Gentlemen, back for the ninety sixth week, Little Jerry Geniuspants, who will attempt to answer the \$64,000,000 question. Although he is allowed to have with him an expert on everything, he decided to go it alone. Also notice, that when Little Jerry answers his questions, NEVER do his fingers leave his hands.



SPUTNIK  
III  
WHERE  
ART  
THE?



Now kid, this question is in two parts. Here's part one. "In 1812, Napoleon invaded Russia. He had 8,000 men and 2,000 horses. He also carried 12 bags of flour and 14 pounds of aspirin." The question is . . . "What color horse was he riding?"

Let's see . . . X is equal to 15 over 17. Multiply this equation. Now, what you borrow you must pay back, so take away 12 . . . The answer is . . . "DARK BROWN WITH A PURPLE SPOT ON THE FOREHEAD."



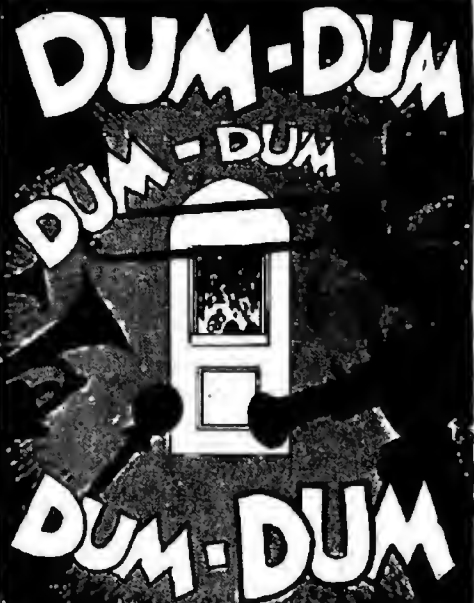
J. SEHRIN



Before I ask the second part, here's a tip for all you ladies. REYLOON, the nail polish for you, is so easy to put on. And when you want to remove it, simply apply a little turpentine, and sandpaper off. I use it myself everyday.



New for part two, Squirt. "Who's picture appears on the dollar bill of Lower Slobovia?" Think carefully, and don't let anything distract you.



I've got it. The answer is... "MIKE RASPUTNIK."

Oh no.



I... I'm sorry kid, but the answer is "JOE RASPUTNIK." "MIKE" appears on an UPPER Slobovia buck. Gee kid, what can I say? It tears my heart out to see you lose the loot.



Sob, sob, I'm truly sorry sonny, but I think we can scrape up some kind of consolation prizes for you.

WAAAAAA.



Sob... We'll give you Niagara Falls. (with water) Also a cinemascope T.V. set, a Bison, Miss Afghanistan, a Car Tank, a real Sputnik, a slightly used barber chair, Half of Texas, a gold mine, and a few more small items, sob.



Baw... I want the cash.

BUS STOP

—a tale so  
miserable—

# IT SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A DOG



12. Poor

... An' I'm jush the (Hiccup!) dog  
they have in mind, bartender.  
Thash right, little old me!



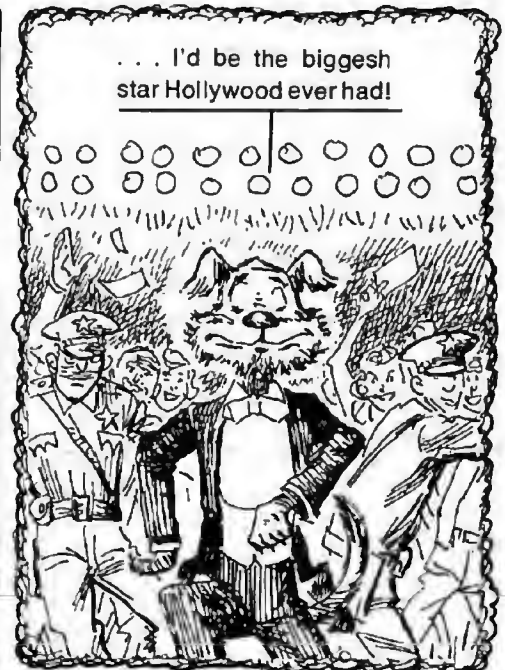
Me, the greatest TALKING DOG  
there ever was. Any other mutt  
with my talent ... He'd be sitting  
right there on top of the world.



You know why? 'Cause he'd  
be tied up with somebody  
who could sell him. You  
know wha' I'd be if I had  
an agent who knew the  
right people an' how to talk  
to them ... ?



... I'd be the biggest  
star Hollywood ever had!



... I'd (Hiccup!)  
be the biggest  
star TV ever had!



Wouldn't I? The greatest  
talking dog there ever  
was, wouldn't I? If only  
I was tied up with some-  
body who could talk to  
the right people, instead  
of with thish lunkhead!



WURRF!  
WURRF!

... All HE can  
do is just bark!





Ever think of getting away from it all by going to some far-off, exotic place where adventure and romance occur all day long? You'll find just what you're looking for if you join with men from all over the world in the...

# FRENCH FORLORN LEGION

SMITH, JONES, SNODGRASS,  
GESTE, SABREUR, SCHMITT,  
VON KRUMM, DAWKINS, LEE,  
SHMIDT, PASTAFAZOOL, LEY,  
GOLDBERGER, EL KASEL SER,  
SMYTHE, SVENSON, ROTH,  
MAC TAVISH, SULLIVAN, KEY,  
SCHIKELGRUBER, SMITTE,  
LANCASTER, PUTNAM, DAY,  
LIBERACE, CAMPBELL, COHEN,  
LAUREL, HARDY, AARDVARK,  
PRESLEY, JUDGE, CRATER,  
SKELTON, MANEELY, SCHMIDT,  
FAVERSHAM, LEA, MELVIN,  
VERNON, CLARK, COHAN,  
FRANK, FUTTER, GRIMPLE,  
NOODNIK, WEST, SPITZER,  
SMITT, LAY, LEIGH, BYNUM,  
TWITTY, SCHNUK, LASSIE  
... LASSIE?

Baumholz, Sondowski, Hope, Crosby,  
Hoo-Shi, Hu-Doh, Botz, Kotz, Heoth,  
Everett, Spitto, Spittare, Hoc-Tui,  
Nicodemus, Silvers, Bison . . .



MacDougol, O'Hora, Mueller, Bonoparte  
. . . **BONAPARTE?** Ache, veill, Smyth,  
Brown, Smithe, Blimp . . . Vy dun't dey  
gib mit der smoller companies? (Cough!  
Cough!) Potts . . .



Czezonokolowski, Ginsberg (Gasp!)  
Claus, Schweinhund! So many nomes  
. . . Mein Gott! (Gasp!) Early, Jackson  
(Cough! Cough!) Stuart, Hill, Pickett . . .  
(Gasp!) **WATER! WATER!**



All present  
(Gasp!) or  
accounted  
for (Gulp!),  
mein Kopiton!



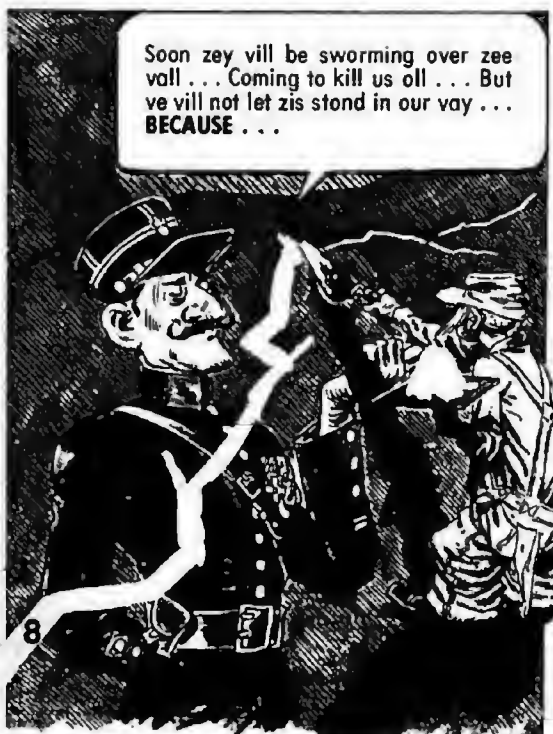
Tres bien, Sergeant! Men, I have  
just learned zat ten million Arabs  
are on zee vay 'ere to attack zee fort.  
I know zat ve vill 'ove 150 men, but  
ve vill not let zis stand in our vay!



Zey also 'ave zee guns ond zee can-  
nons and zee tonks and zee grenodes  
. . . And it looks like zey mean zee  
business . . . **BUT** ve vill not let zis  
stand in our vay!



Soon zey vill be swarming over zee  
vall . . . Coming to kill us oll . . . But  
ve vill not let zis stond in our vay . . .  
**BECAUSE . . .**



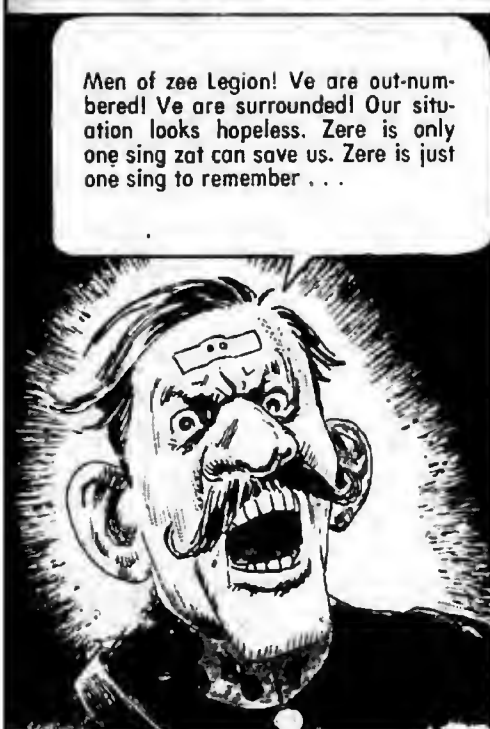
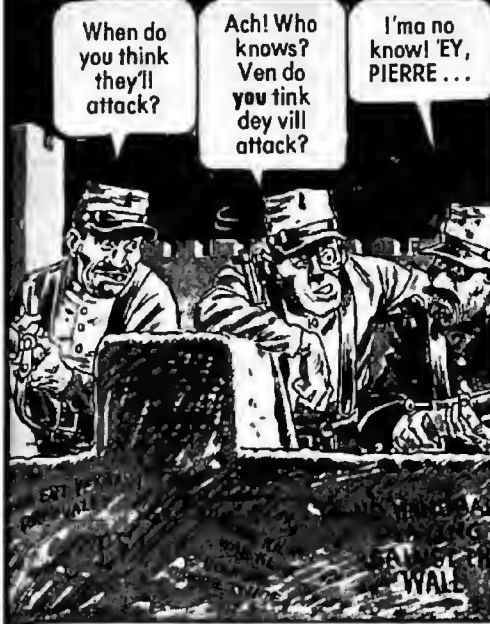
. . . Ve are getting zee heck out of  
'ere on zee double!



**VAIT!** Come back, mes enfants! I  
just moke zee little jokel! **MAN ZEE  
POSTS! BATTLE STATIONS! SVEEP-  
ERS, MAN YOUR BROOMS! NOW  
'EAR ZISI CLEAN SVEEPDOWN, FORE  
AND AFTI FORMEZ-VOUS LES BATTAL-  
LIONS!**







This is the movie they dared them to make! Yes, this is the English picture the English dared them to make in Ireland. And so, with no further ado, the great English producer, J. Arthur Crank, presents. . .

# 'ENRY 'IGGINS OF SCOTLAND YARD

*in living colorless  
starring*

**SIR TEX 'ARRISON**

**SIR SHMENDRICK  
'ARDRICK**

**SIR 'ARDRICK  
SHMENDRICK**

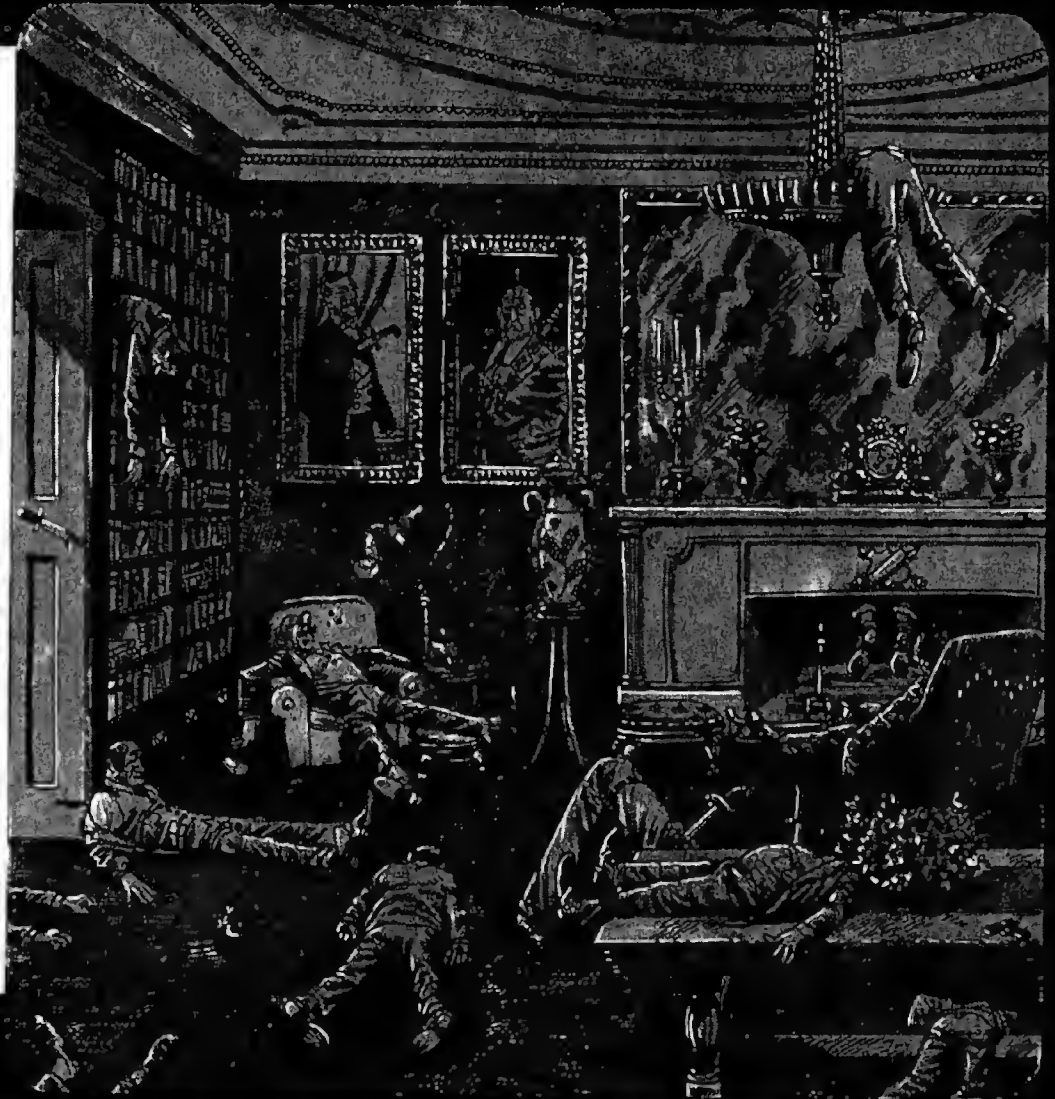
**LADY SHIRLEY  
YIMAGOOTCHIE  
(as the girl)**

*An English-speaking movie  
with American sub-titles*

**NARRATED BY  
ROCKY GRAZIANO**

**MUSIC BY THE  
TINY TIM SINGERS**

**FINANCED BY  
THE ROYAL BANK**



*SEVERIN*

H'l've a suspicion of  
fa-owl pleye 'ere! 'N'  
h'ain't nobody ter  
tuch a bloody thing.\*

Right  
yer be,  
h'inspector.+

'Ave 'nother cuhp,  
h'inspector.  
Clears the cranny  
fer clews.\*

Thanks,  
Smirchbottom.  
H'l sigh, h'any  
butlers  
'anging 'bout  
the premises?+

A few, h'inspector  
'Iggins, but H'l  
surspeck  
h'ov their  
h'innocence.\*

'Ave yer searched  
the pleyce? Are yer  
certain there be  
no h'upstairs  
mides, 'idin'  
downstairs?+



\*Somethin' screwy's goin' on here. You  
guys keep yer cottin'-pickin' hands off!  
+Yeah.



\*Dis'll make ya tink better, Chief.  
+Let's pin it on the butler.



\*Got nuttin' on him, Chief.  
+Dere must be a dame in dis case.  
Go find me a maid!



H'inspector, lookee what H'I've found 'idin' in the h'ice box.\*

H'I don't care where you found 'er! She's moine . . . H'I . . . H'I mean she's h'Innocent.+



\*Inspector, here's the maid you wanted.  
+MARONE! WOW!

Just a few routine questions, Miss. H'I kin tell ooz guilty 'n' oo h'ain't, 'n' oo h'ain't!\*

Yer kin betcher blinkin', bloomin', bottom shilling H'I'm h'innercent!+



\*I hafta ask ya a few questions, baby.  
+Go on, copper, but I ain't done nuttin'!

Poor I'il tyke. Seems mighty h'upset 'bout all this.\*

Tell me, young lidy. Do h'any h'of the victims look fermiliar to yer?+



\*The poor kid.  
+Know any of these jokers, honey?

A few uv thim 'ave taikin' me out. Nothin' serious, yer knaow.\*

Myke a note of 'er, Smirchbottom.+

Righto, sir . . . 41-22-40 . . .



\*Vaguely.  
+Take notes, Smirchbottom.

H'inspector! H'inspector! Looke 'ere ooz bin idin' in the bushes! Killer 'Ogan!\*

H'I'd like ter question yer further. 'Ow 'bout the Ritz tonight?+



\*I found a new suspect.  
+First I've gotta make a full report on 'er.

'E's confessed to the blarsted murder, h'inspector.\*

H'I'll pick yer up at eight.+



\*This guy's confessed.  
+The Yard must investigate further.

'E's been planin' h'it for twenty years. 'E admits h'it.\*

Nothin' formal, Miss. White tie 'n' tails.+



\*It could be that HE did it.  
+The Yard leaves nuttin' to chance.

H'inspector! 'E did it! 'E did it! Wotcher waitin' for?\*



\*It's the duty of the Yard to look into this.

'Avershaw, old man, you're the most h'impolite bore yet!\*



\*Bury him in the Yard.

Noww, let's 'ave on wi' h'it. All the soospects must be h'assembled.\*

H'I'll round 'em oop.\*



\*Go get the birds together so I can close this miserable case.  
+Aw right.

'Ere's a stubborn one, h'inspector. H'I think 'e's the one.\*



\*Here's a character we can pin it on.

No, Smirchbottom . . . H'I 'ave already deducted 'im from me list.\*

'Ow come?

Dead, you know!



\*Couldn't be him. He's a deadhead.

Noww, 'ear this! H'announcing ha'll the suspects 'ave been gathered together!\*



\*I got 'em all rounded up.

H'I don't want any one ter leave. First of all, oo pinched me pipe?\*



\*Here's how I figure it . . . One guy here is guilty just like in the movies.  
+And I'm smart enough to know who the rat is.

The solution ter the case is very apparent ter me. H'only one of ye h'is guilty. The party of the first part 'as devilishly planned the early demise of the deceased. H'I'm bein' the party of the second part.\*



The motif 'ere h'is not money since all these blokes still 'ave their h'unemployment check on 'em.\*

So oo did h'it, h'inspector?+



\*There's no loot involved 'cause this guy's busted.  
+Get to the point! Who did it?

H'it's THIS chap 'ere with the rubber knife in 'is back—that's ool!\*

Blimey!+



\*This is the guy. He's been fakin' it.  
+You don't say?

'Is 'and gave 'im away. Coffee stained, yer know. 'E was tryin' ter git the others ter switch from tea to coffee . . . When they refused, 'e let 'em 'ave h'it! Tyke 'im away!\*

'Ow clevah, h'inspector H'Iggins!



\*What a stupid ending. I ain't even gonna bother to explain it!



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S  
**ROMEO**  
and  
**JULIET**



ROMEO FIRST SEES JULIET AT A PARTY. HE IS IMMEDIATELY ATTRACTED TO HER. RIGHT AWAY, THEY HIT IT OFF BIG.



Man! Dig that crazy-looking chick!

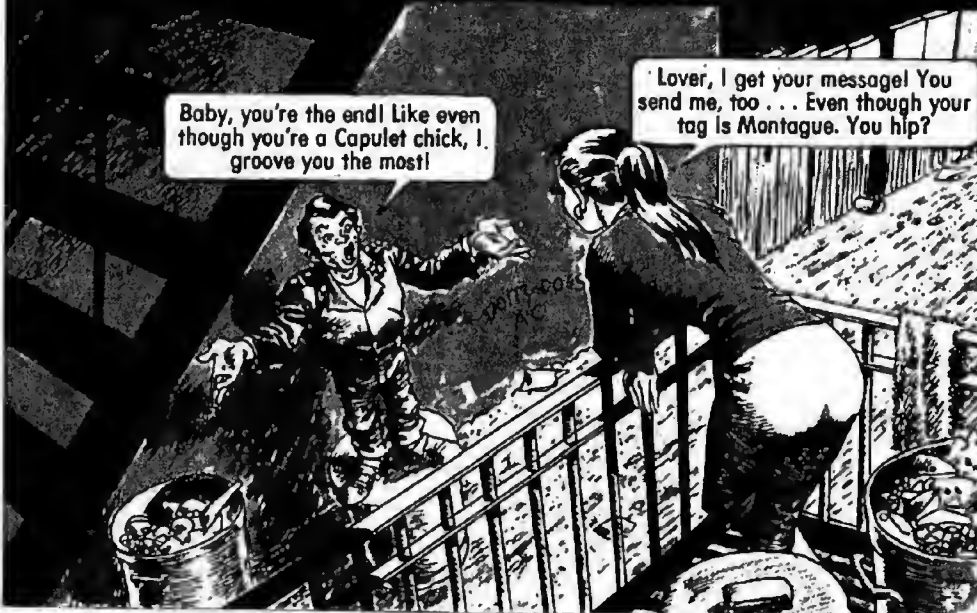


O.K., Daddy-O, cut out! Like I got eyes for this cute frill, hear?

TAT  
TYPICAL AMERICAN  
TEENAGER  
DANCE



THAT NIGHT UNDER HER WINDOW, THEY BOTH CONFESS THEIR LOVE.



Baby, you're the end! Like even though you're a Capulet chick, I groove you the most!

Lover, I get your message! You send me, too... Even though your tag is Montague. You hip?

... AND SO THEY SECRETLY MARRY.



... Like, I now pronounce you man and wife

ALL'S WELL UNTIL ROMEO RUNS INTO JULIET'S COUSIN TYBALT.



Hey, man! Wait up! I think you're chicken and a real uncool square!

Don't bug me, Pop! Everything is really swinging and I don't want your jazz!

ROMEO IS GOADED INTO A DUEL WITH TYBALT.



Comin' at ya, Buster!

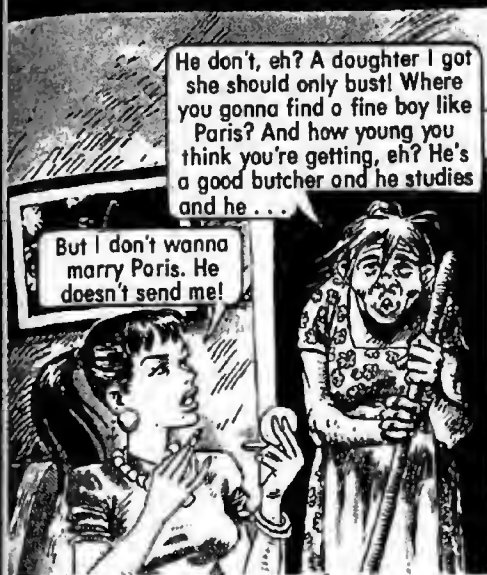
Man! You've had it!

ROMEO KILLS TYBALT AND IS FORCED TO LEAVE TOWN.





JULIET'S PARENTS KNOW NOTHING OF HER MARRIAGE. AND MAKE PLANS FOR HER TO WED PARIS.



JULIET IS BESIDE HERSELF WITH GRIEF WHEN A FRIEND COMES ALONG WITH A SOLUTION.



JULIET AGREES AND THE VERY NEXT DAY SHE IS QUIETLY AND UNCEREMONIOUSLY BURIED.



ROMEO, HOWEVER, IS UNAWARE OF THE PLAN AS HE COMES ACROSS JULIET'S BODY.



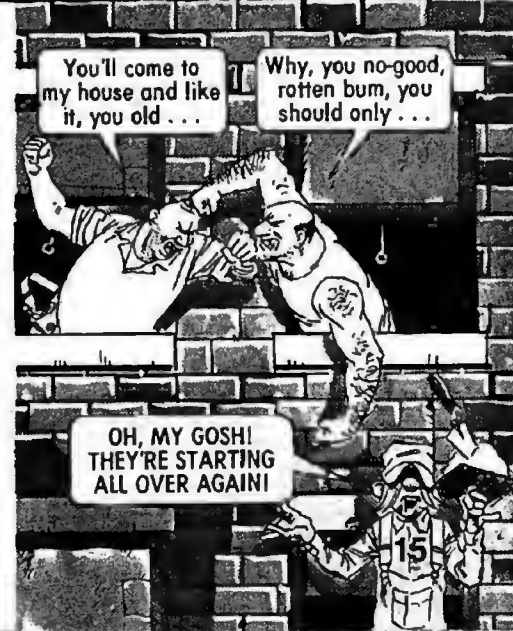
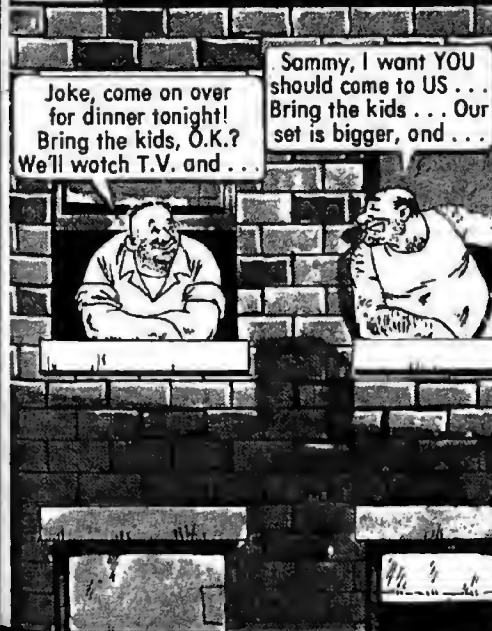
IN A FIT OF DESPAIR, ROMEO TAKES HIS OWN LIFE WITH POISON.



WHEN JULIET AWAKENS AND SEES HER LOVER DEAD, SHE KILLS HERSELF, TOO.



ALTHOUGH THE STORY ENDS TRAGICALLY FOR THE LOVERS, IT ENDS ON A HAPPY NOTE FOR THE TWO OPPOSING FAMILIES FOR IT'S MADE THEM STOP FIGHTING.



[illegible]



## ALASKA, THE FRONTIER OF GOLDEN OPPORTUNITIES

Whenever a frontier opens, it offers tremendous opportunities to the courageous and the enterprising. Alaska is no exception!

Here are some of the opportunities that await those who venture into this vast, bountiful territory.

**WEALTH: YOU CAN MAKE A FORTUNE IN ALASKA BY MARRYING A RICH WIDOW.**



**HEALTH: THE CRISP, COOL AIR IS HEALTHY. JUST BRING ALONG LOTS OF COLD TABLETS.**



**OBSCURITY: ON THE LAM? ALASKA is a great place TO HIDE OUT!**



Criminal-shrimal.  
It's T-TOO C-COLD!  
L-let's go home!

### DULL ALASKAN STATISTICS

Alaska has 6 mountain ranges! For the lazy climber, we recommend the Kloddy mountains—only sixteen inches high!



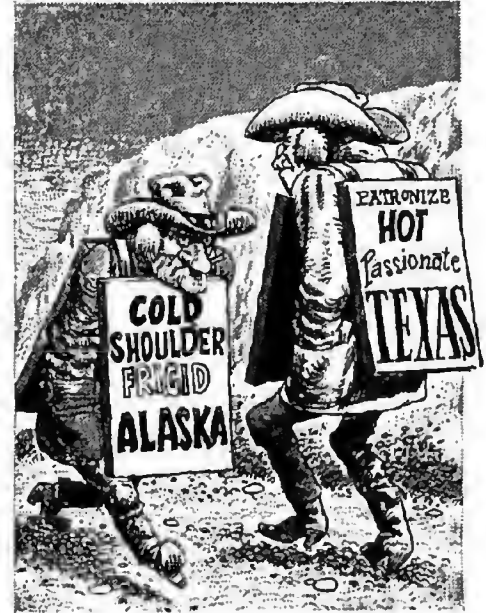
HELP! I'm FALLING!

Alaska's greatest river is the Yukon. It is very popular with tourists because it is filled with beer instead of water.



This cold competition with Texas is unfair! And it's also unfair to SCHLEMIEL'S BEER!

The Koyukyok flows south from the Brooks Bros. Hills, into the Yonkil Basin, and onto a three-inch beach.



COLD  
SHOULDER  
FRIGID  
ALASKA

PATRONIZE  
HOT  
Passionate  
TEXAS

## ALASKA'S IMPACT ON OUR CULTURE

The new TV show, "The Lone Alaskan," tops all ratings, even the popular "Alaskan Place."



New Alaskan Rock 'N' Roll tune smashes all records of all-time histories.



Stylish women formerly wore sack dresses; now they wear ghastly Alaskan-style dresses.



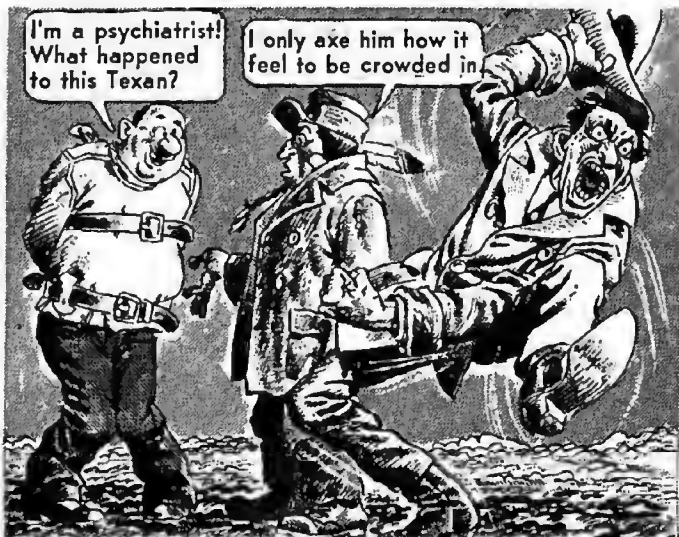
Tourists, bored with Florida, Las Vegas, and California, flock to our 49th State.



Comedians, hard up for jokes, are saved at the last minute by our 49th state.



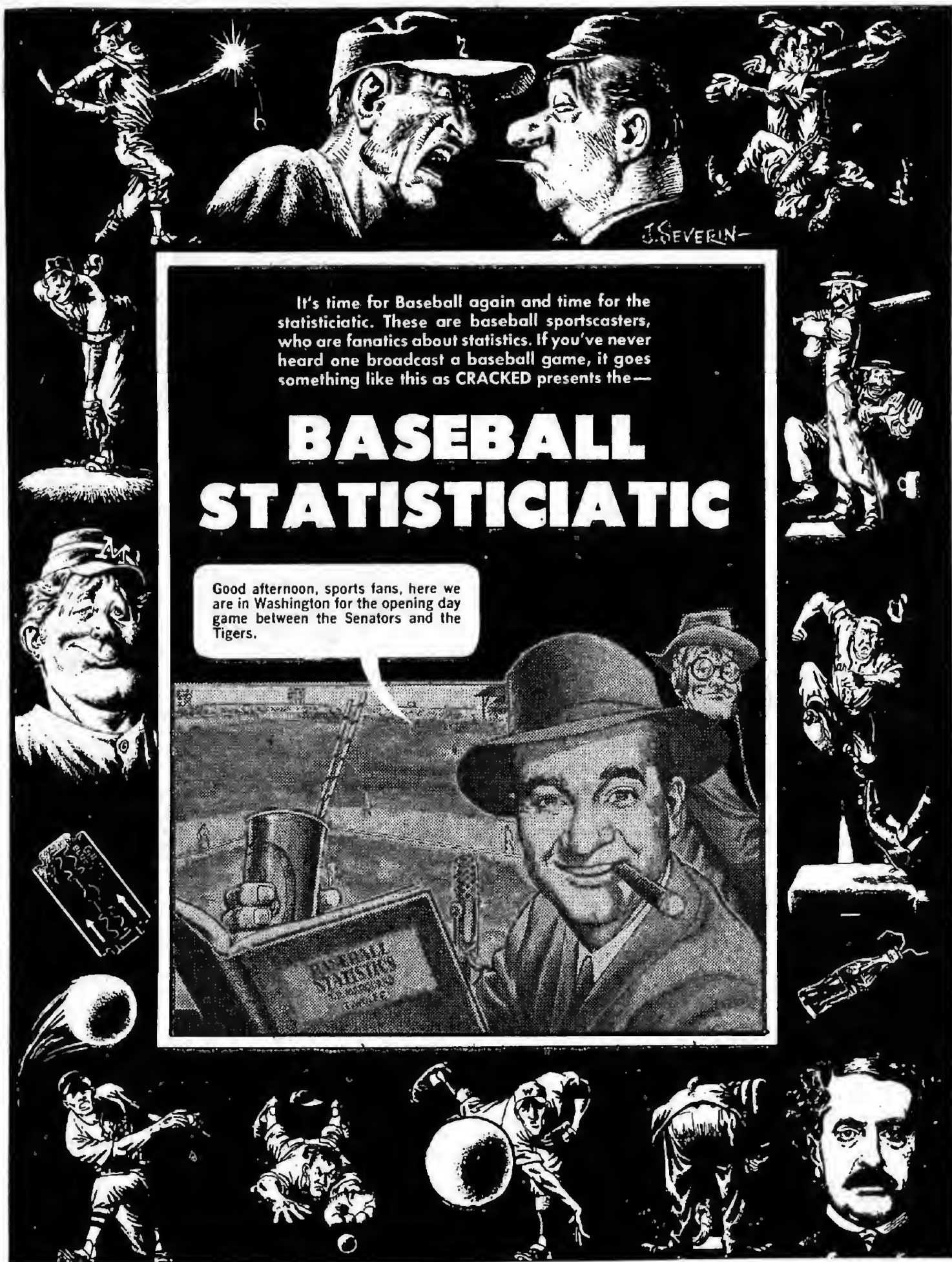
Texans get inferiority complexes.



Almost everybody is happy about it except the husband of a certain little old lady.







It's time for Baseball again and time for the statisticatic. These are baseball sportscasters, who are fanatics about statistics. If you've never heard one broadcast a baseball game, it goes something like this as CRACKED presents the—

# BASEBALL STATISTICATIC

Good afternoon, sports fans, here we are in Washington for the opening day game between the Senators and the Tigers.



It's a beautiful day here in Washington. But it is raining in Detroit. This is the third year in succession that it has been rain-



ing in the visitors' hometown on an opening day away game. These two ball clubs are meeting for the sixth time in an open-



ing day game. Detroit has won three and Washington has won two. In the 1938 season opener the game was rained out

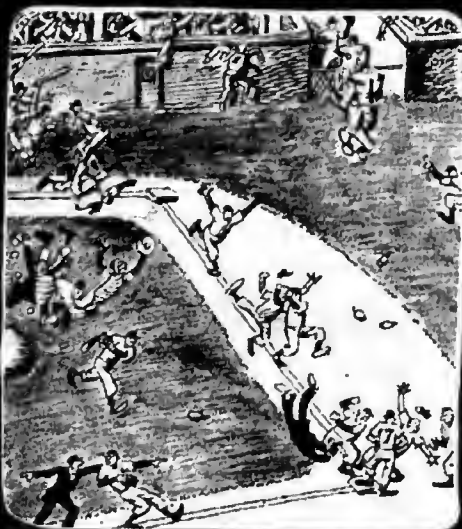


an interesting item. There are two grand-fathers on the Washington team; there are 21 fathers who have 41 children, 24



boys and 17 girls. . . . Oh, here's a correction fans. I was wrong, it did rain in Detroit on opening day of the 1938 season.

So it was raining in both cities—you can make that correction if any of you are keeping statistics at home. Wait a minute



which team is ahead? Well, no one in the press box seems to have that information,



but we're sending someone out to ask a fan in the stands. The pressbox is just 100



feet from the first row in the stands. We are exactly 215 feet above the playing





here in Washington, interestingly enough it was sunny in Detroit on that day. The sun is shining from left field across third



base to the pitcher's mound. It is 45 feet from 3rd base to the pitcher's mound. It is 90 feet from the pitcher's mound to



home plate, 60 feet from batter's box to the dugout and 75 feet from the Press booth to the refreshment stand. Here's



fans, I think it's starting to rain here, fans. If rain should cancel this game, it would be the first opening day game rained out



after it began. One game was halted in 1937 but that was due to a snowstorm. Since this game has gone more than four



and a half innings, the team ahead at the time the game is called, would be declared the winner. Does anyone know



field. By the way, what's the score Joe? 23 boys and 15 girls? That's the number



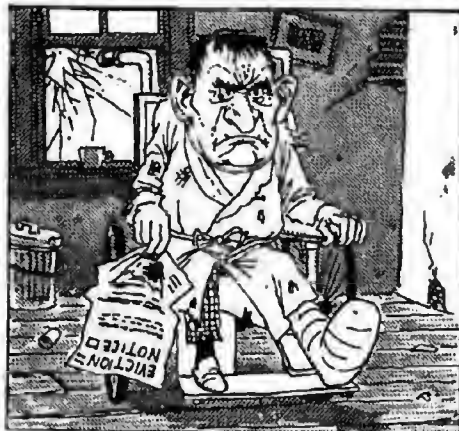
of children on the Washington team. Oh well, the score doesn't matter, it's how

you play the game that counts. So until tomorrow, friends, keep drinking and smoking...it makes for happier sponsors.

An Introvert likes to be by himself. An Extrovert likes to mix with other people. To determine just how far out YOU are, take this simple test, and . . .

# RATE YOUR

## ARE YOU AN INTROVERT?



Do you brood inwardly over every little thing?

Yes [ ] No [ ]



Do you seem unable to function well in groups?

Yes [ ] No [ ]



Do you have difficulty relating to strangers?

Yes [ ] No [ ]



Do you hate intrusion of others on your privacy?

Yes [ ] No [ ]



Do you feel inhibited in releasing your emotions?

Yes [ ] No [ ]



Do you dislike being the center of attraction?

Yes [ ] No [ ]



Do you feel nervous and uneasy moving in crowds?

Yes [ ] No [ ]



Do people have to coax you into joining the fun?

Yes [ ] No [ ]

### SCORE YOURSELF

(Turn over on other side or stand on head to read)

If you answered 3 of these questions "YES," this means you have a slightly introverted personality. If you answered 5 of these questions "YES," this means you are in a world by yourself. If you answered all of these questions "YES," this means you are really a sad case—'cause you don't take NO for an answer.

ARE YOU AN INTROVERT?



# PERSONALITY

## ARE YOU AN EXTROVERT?



Do you become restless when you're by yourself?

Yes [ ] No [ ]



Do you usually seek to attract attention?

Yes [ ] No [ ]



Do you insist on having an audience?

Yes [ ] No [ ]



Do you seem to make friends easily?

Yes [ ] No [ ]



Do you tend toward showing off at parties?

Yes [ ] No [ ]



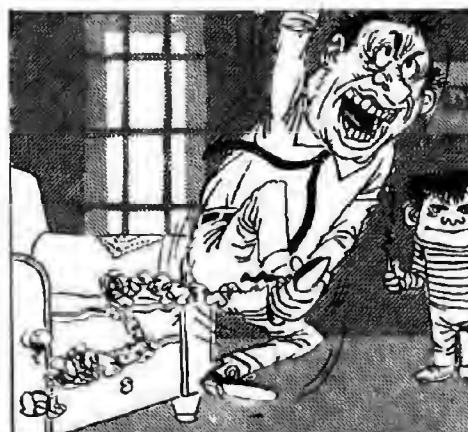
Do you always need people around you?

Yes [ ] No [ ]

### SCORE YOURSELF

(Turn over on other side or stand on head to read)

**ARE YOU AN EXTROVERT?**  
If you answered 3 of these questions "YES," this means you have a slightly extroverted personality. If you answered 5 of these questions "YES," this means you are pretty far out. If you answered 9 of these questions "YES," this means you are way out—mainly because there are only 8 questions.



Do you have an open and assertive personality?

Yes [ ] No [ ]



Do you genuinely like to mix with people?

Yes [ ] No [ ]

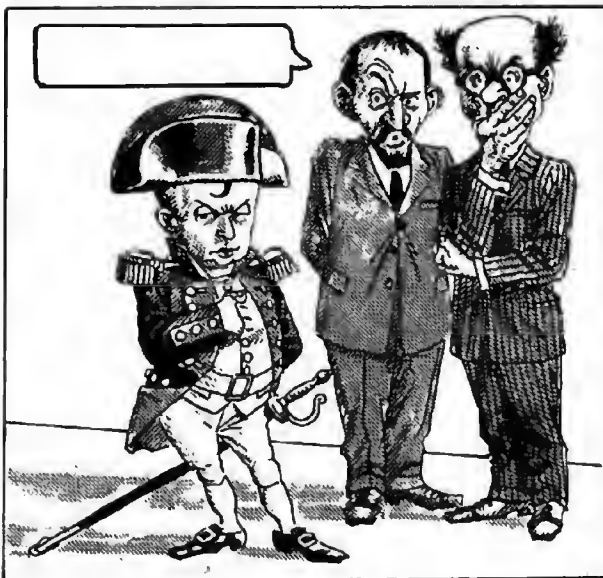
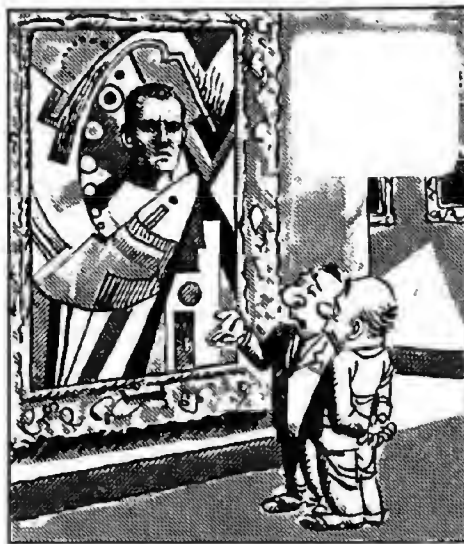
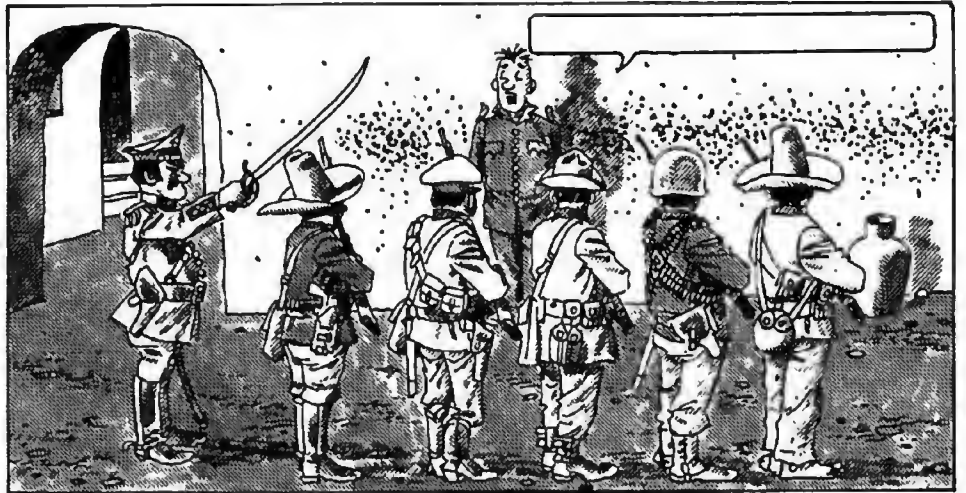
We find that we're stuck with a batch of drawings, and we can't locate our idiotic writer. So in order to give all you budding writers out there an opportunity to write for CRACKED, we've decided to print these illustrations. Just fill in the captions and mail 'em back to us. Who knows—maybe some new clod will be discovered as a result of these. . .

# DO-IT-



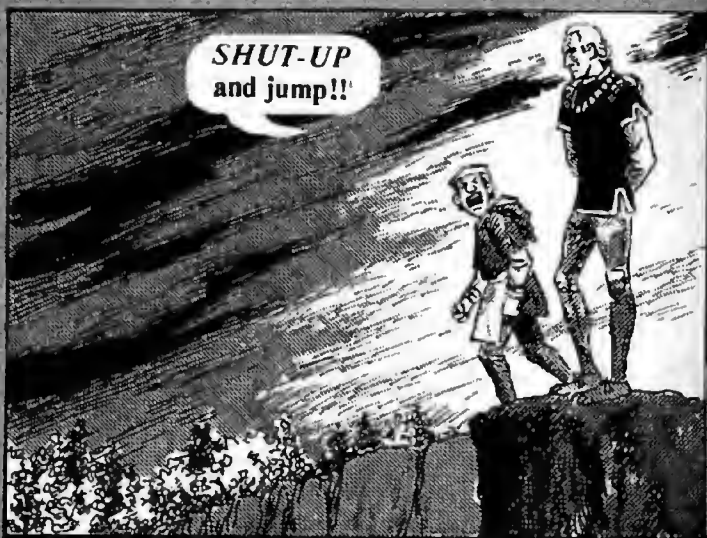
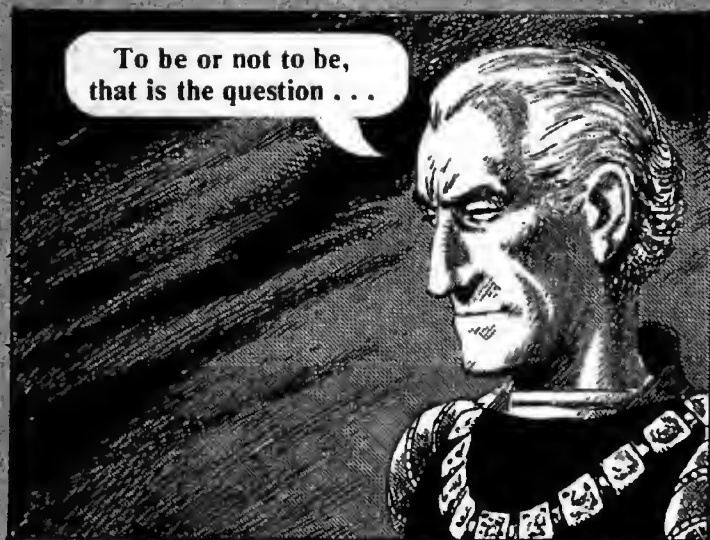
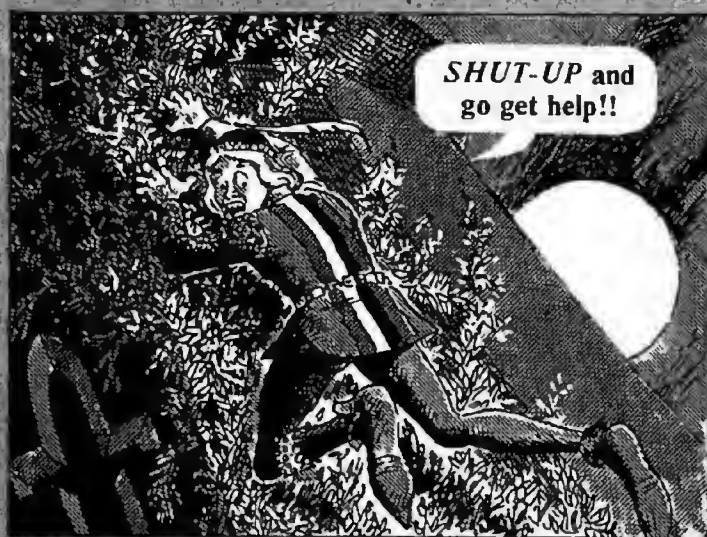


# YOURSELF CAPTIONS



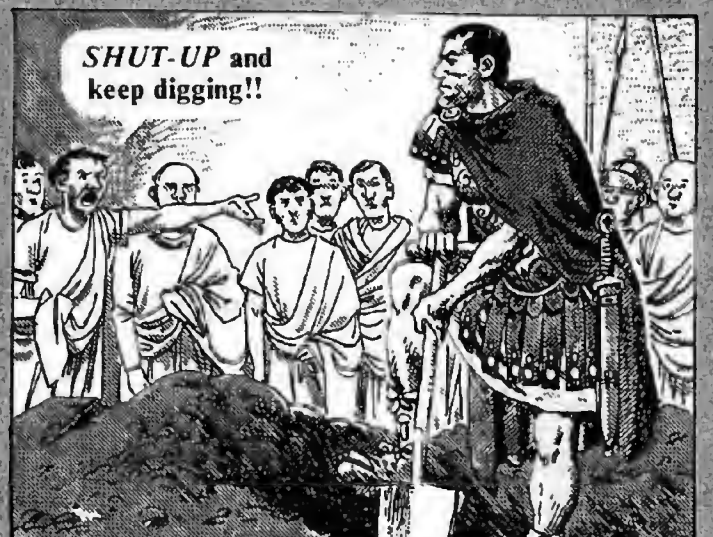
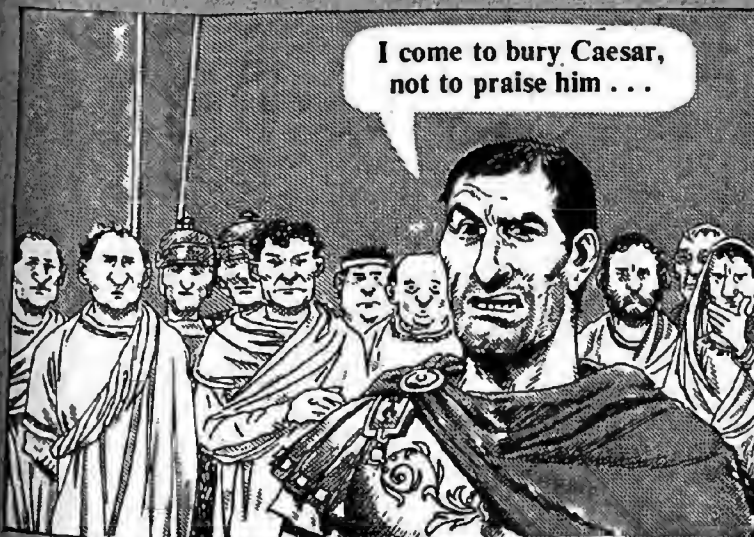
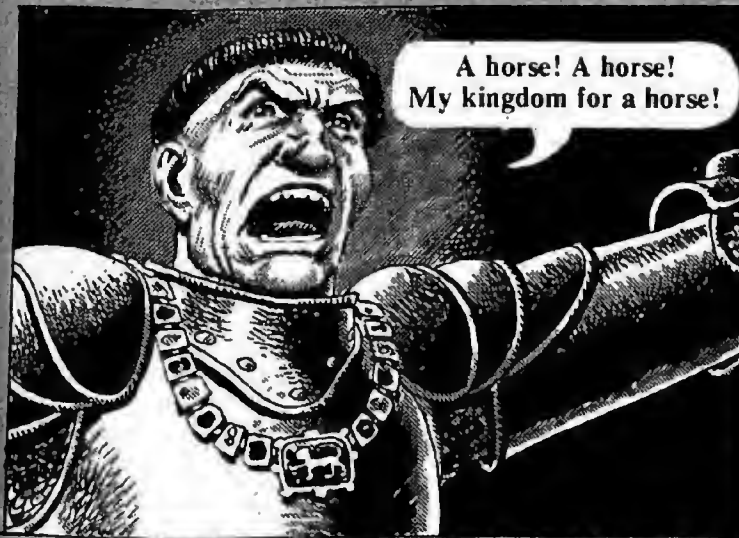
In seeking more cultural  
articles and more imaginative  
shut-ups, we put the two  
together and now come  
up with

# SHAKESPEAREAN

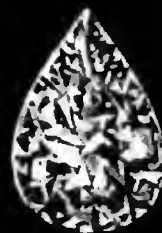




# SHUT-UPS



# The gift of love . . .



## A diamond is forever

*Treasured moments of courtship burn with a stronger glow when brightened by a sparkling diamond. For lovers everywhere it is magic time and the world is alive with romance and the tender enchantment of a dream. Yet few people can tell the difference between a genuine diamond and a rhinestone. Why then, should you pay a fortune for a real diamond when you can pass off a cheap imitation and fool everybody. Remember . . . being passed off as genuine.*

The gift of love . . . painted for the De Queers collection by John Severin

### HOW TO "PASS OFF" A DIAMOND

First, go buy a cheap rhinestone. Then get some ordinary glass polish and start shining it up. Soon it will begin to sparkle like the real thing. You can now give it to the one you love, who will never even know the difference. Unless the one you love happens to be a jeweler, that is.

De Queers Rhinestone Co., Inc.



# THE UNSOCIABLES

## prefer Espresso



THEY GO WHERE THE KICKS ARE—in their own private worlds. And ESPRESSO is always there. It fills without refreshing . . . this means you can live on ESPRESSO for days without eating—and also you won't get that square refreshed feeling. You can remain beat as you sip it. Today's hipsters prefer the drink that matches their static pace. Be one of THE UNSOCIABLES. Have an ESPRESSO anywhere—at a coffee shop, in your pad or at your favorite wild party.

Be Unsociable,  
Have an Espresso

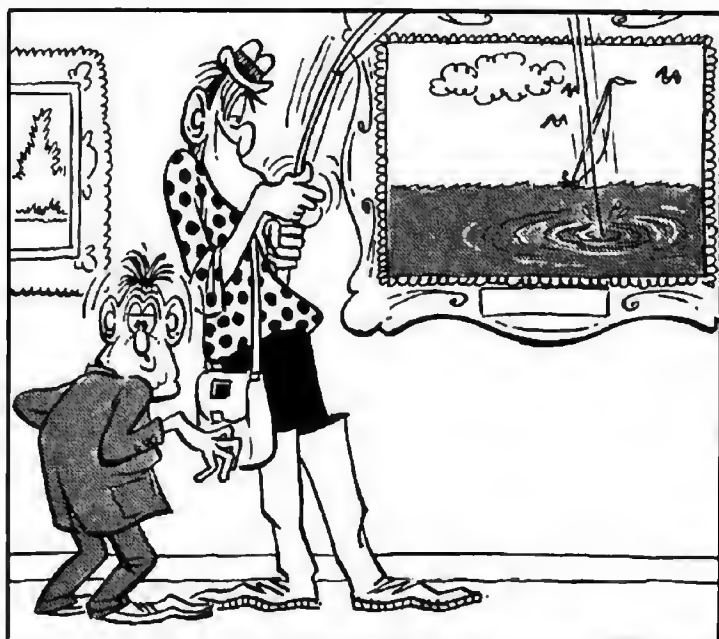
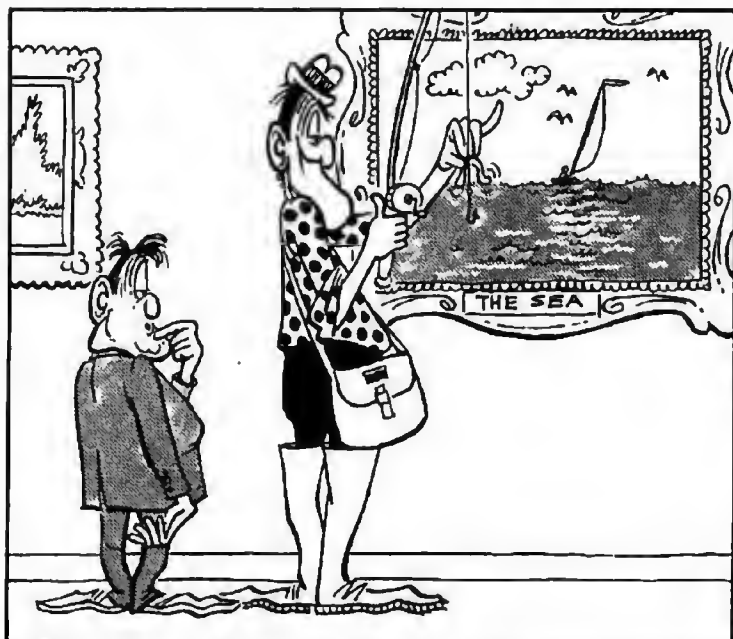
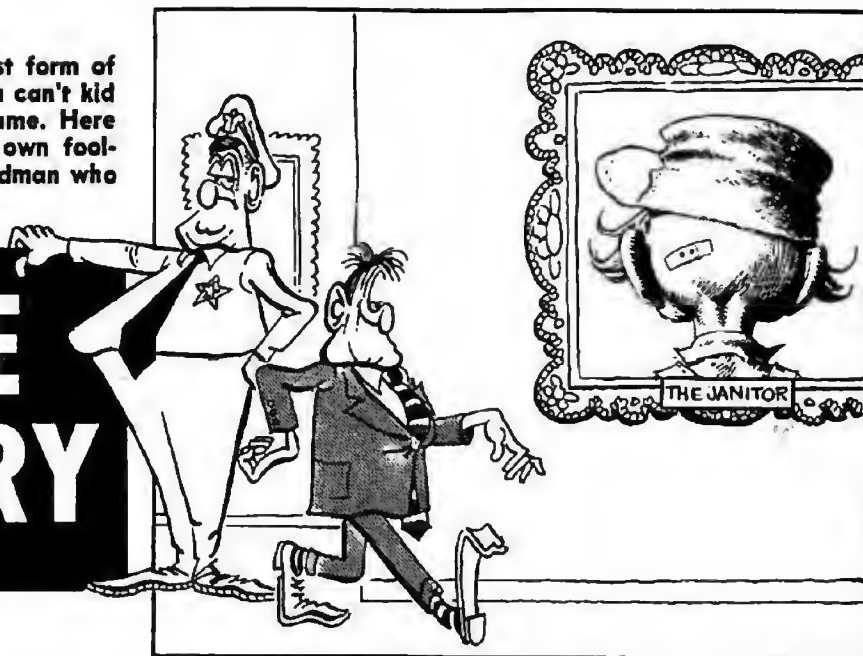
**STAY BEAT!**

Fills without refreshing

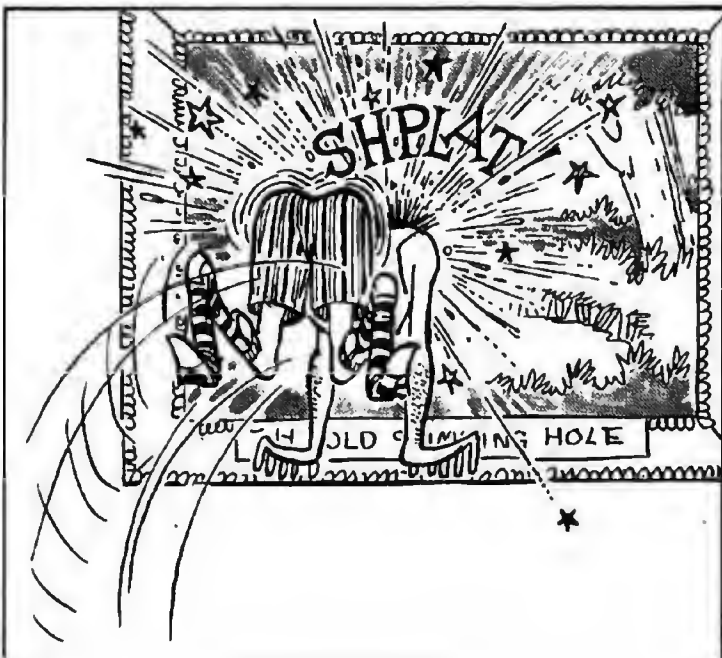
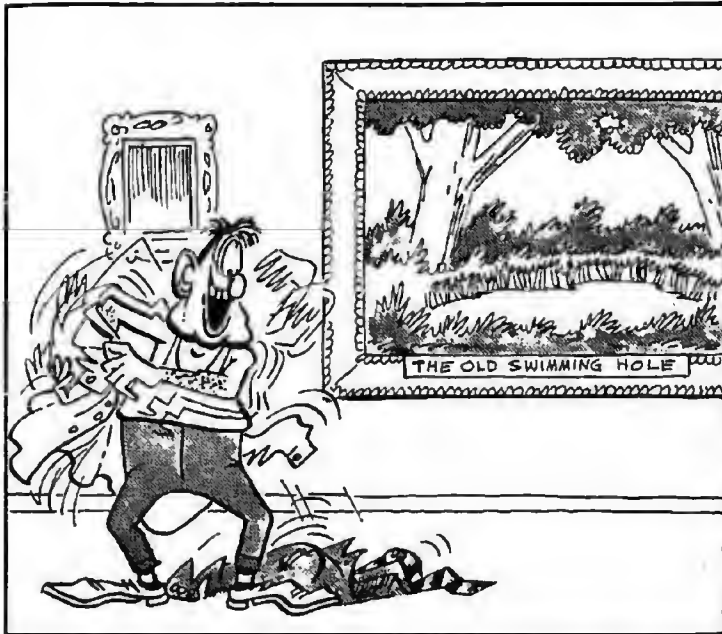
*"ESPRESSO" is a trademark of the Beatniks of America.*

Imitation, the day people tell us, is the sincerest form of flattery. These same dingbats also insist that you can't kid a kidder—especially if he's a master at the game. Here Cracked's Crackedest Artist demonstrates his own fool-hardy brand of flattery in kidding a certain Madman who shall remain nameless . . .

# AT THE ART GALLERY







J. LEWIS

# CURVY SEWER COGNAC

What a host of historic binges  
are associated with this noble  
French Cognac! It is THE BRANDY of  
NAPOLEON.

For centuries, famous french generals  
and statesmen have enjoyed Curvy-  
sewer for it's **pour la gloire** flavor, and  
it's **pour la glow** kick.



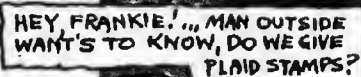
The Brandy  
of Napoleon

*From the famous Curvysewer collection of Napoleon paintings (Musee De Versailles)*

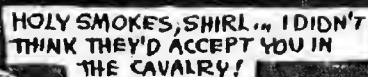


Napoleon and staff sizing up the situation in anticipation  
of a slight skirmish, 1815.

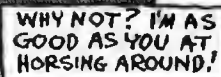




HEY, FRANKIE! ... MAN OUTSIDE  
WANTS TO KNOW, DO WE GIVE  
PLAID STAMPS?



HOLY SMOKES, SHIRL! I DIDN'T  
THINK THEY'D ACCEPT YOU IN  
THE CAVALRY!



WHY NOT? I'M AS  
GOOD AS YOU AT  
HORSEING AROUND!

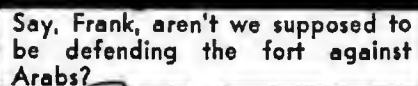
SEVERIN

Since Frank Sinatra and Gang had such a ball remaking "Gunga Din" into "Soldiers Three," we wondered what it would be like if they redid some major screen classics in their own inimitable concept of some . . .

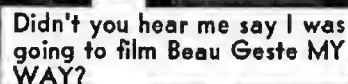
# CLAN CLINKERS



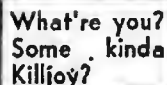
**BEAU  
GESTE**



Say, Frank, aren't we supposed to  
be defending the fort against  
Arabs?



Didn't you hear me say I was  
going to film Beau Geste MY  
WAY?



What're you?  
Some kinda  
Killjoy?



## THE CLAN IN DAWN PATROL

Lieutenants Martin and Davis reporting for duty, sir!

Welcome to the 13th Pursuit Squadron, men!

I'm short-handed, so I'm going to have to send one of you out on the Dawn Patrol, immediately!

Yes sir!

Major, you can't do it!

It's not fair sending these GREEN kids on the Dawn Patrol!

Green? You got your colors mixed up, Frankie boy!

Who can I send? You just came off a mission.

Well, I'm volunteering again!

Alright, have it your way!

SNAP!  
KICK!

By the way, Major, what part of enemy territory does the Dawn Patrol fly over?

The Dawn Patrol doesn't fly over enemy territory.

... it takes the mail back to Paris!



## THE CLAN IN THE THREE MUSKETEERS

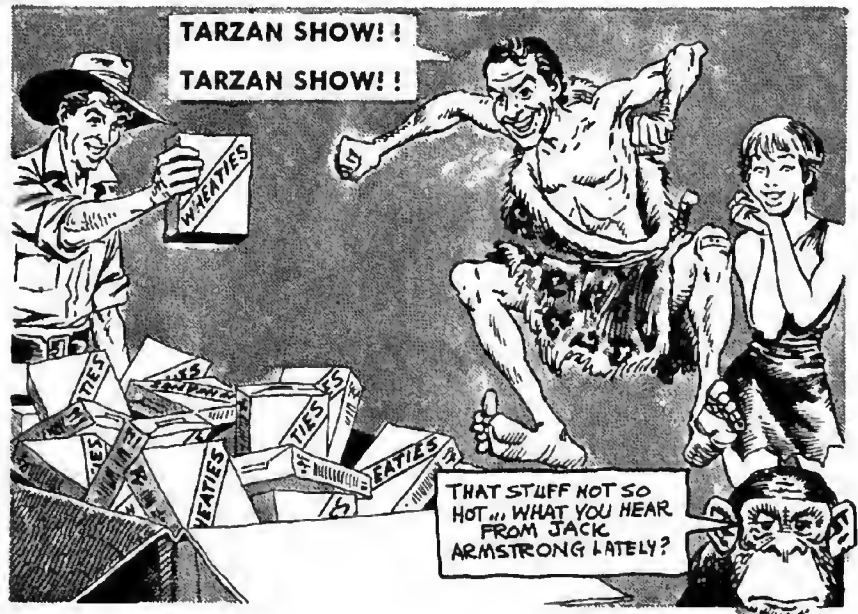
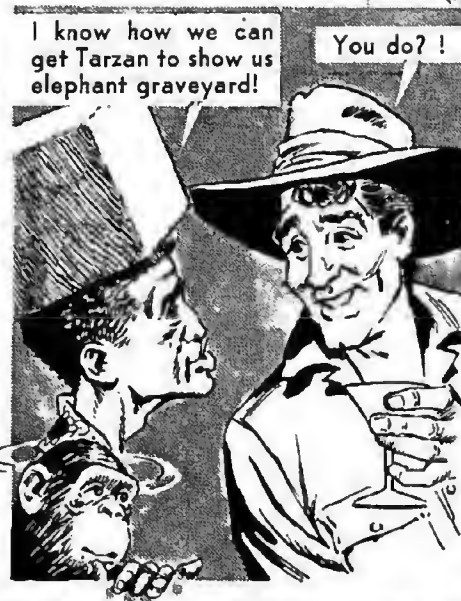
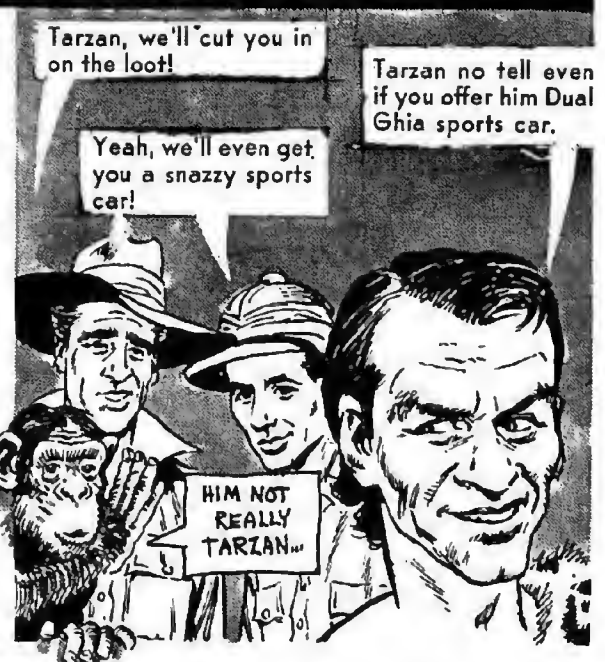
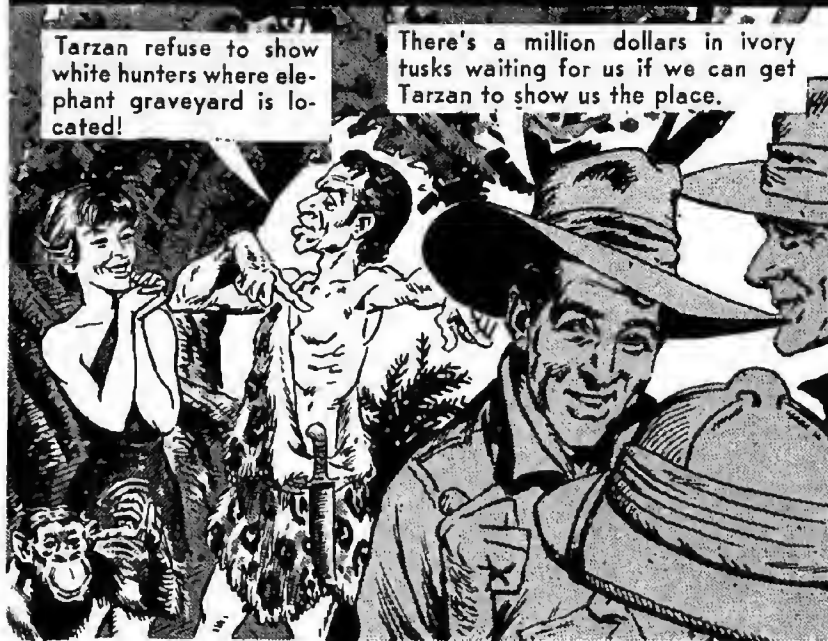


# THE CLAN IN DRACULA





# THE CLAN IN TARZAN OF THE APES



To prepare our children for the adult world they will have to face, we should present them with a more realistic view of our society. One way to do this is to introduce them to the modern tabloid newspaper through the medium of the familiar nursery rhyme. For example, here is . . .

# MOTHER GOOSE CONFIDENTIAL

Price: Sing a  
Song of Sixpence

Weather Outlook:  
Rain, rain go away.  
Come again  
some other day.

Circulation: 3 (Wynken, Blynken and Nod)

## ASPCA INVESTIGATES DOG NEGLECT CASE



Authorities of the ASPCA this afternoon were busily studying a charge of canine negligence brought against Mother Hubbard,

elderly suburban housewife. "It isn't my fault!" cried the old mother. "When I got to the cupboard, it was bare!"

**FARMER'S WIFE  
RUNS AMUCK**

**CONTRARY TO RUMORS  
OFFBEAT BLONDE**

## THREE MEN FOUND IN TUB

Members of the Sanitation Department last night rounded up three men who were found in a bathtub. They were identified as a butcher, a baker and a candlestick maker. "For the first time in our lives, we're really clean!" protested the baker in vain. The three were held without bail.

**O SOLO MIO—It's my solo  
TRES CHIC—Three chickens  
ALOHA—I'll pay her back**

## JAZZ PIPER'S SON STEALS PIG

The ten-year-old son of a famed jazz clarinetist broke down today after repeated questioning by detectives and admitted that he was the one who stole the prize sow reported missing last week. Furthermore, the self-styled "pork addict" bragged of having barbequed his victim over a hickory fire. "Man, like I'm all hung up on ribs!" was his only comment to reporters.



## LONDON BRIDGE ON VERGE OF COLLAPSE?

London.—Rumors concerning the shaky stability of famed old London Bridge were circulating freely through the city today following an insidious whisper campaign started by a gang of rowdies who serenaded their tow-headed female gangleader with the refrain: "London Bridge is falling down, my fair lady!"





### Hacks Tails Off 3 Mice

In a new outbreak of violence today, a farmer's wife suddenly went berserk and chopped off the tails of three blind mice with a large carving knife. Questioned by a psychiatrist, the attractive, blonde housewife stated that when they all ran after her, everything went black. "I never saw such a sight in my life!" cried an outraged onlooker.

**UNE BELLE DIE—A nice funeral SOUP DE JOUR—Feed the jury**

### EGG HEAD FALLS FROM TERRACE WALL, DIES

Famed intellectual Humpty K. Dumpty fell from a perch fifty feet above a Brussels sidewalk in a suspected suicide leap. The King promptly sent all available horses

brought something more than a green thumb to the Annual Flower Show and walked off with top honors. When asked how her garden grew, the eccentric beauty replied: "With cockle shells and silver bells and pretty maids all in a row." She was promptly rushed to the State Mental Hospital for observation.

### HOUSING AUTHORITIES FIND FAMILY LIVING IN SHOE

A possible answer to the housing problem created by the population explosion was examined today by authorities who found an old woman and her family actually living in a shoe—and getting a boot out of it! The woman, who is sole owner of the dwelling, explained: "I have so many children I didn't know what to do!"

### EXCLUSIVE!

Cafe International's madcap heir, Georgie-Porgie Puddinpy III, ran out of El Morocco after kissing seven post-debutantes until they cried. "Dot Georgie!" exclaimed playgirl Zu Zu Dabore, through painfully swollen lips. "Ven the girls decide they want to play, too —dot's ven he runs away!"

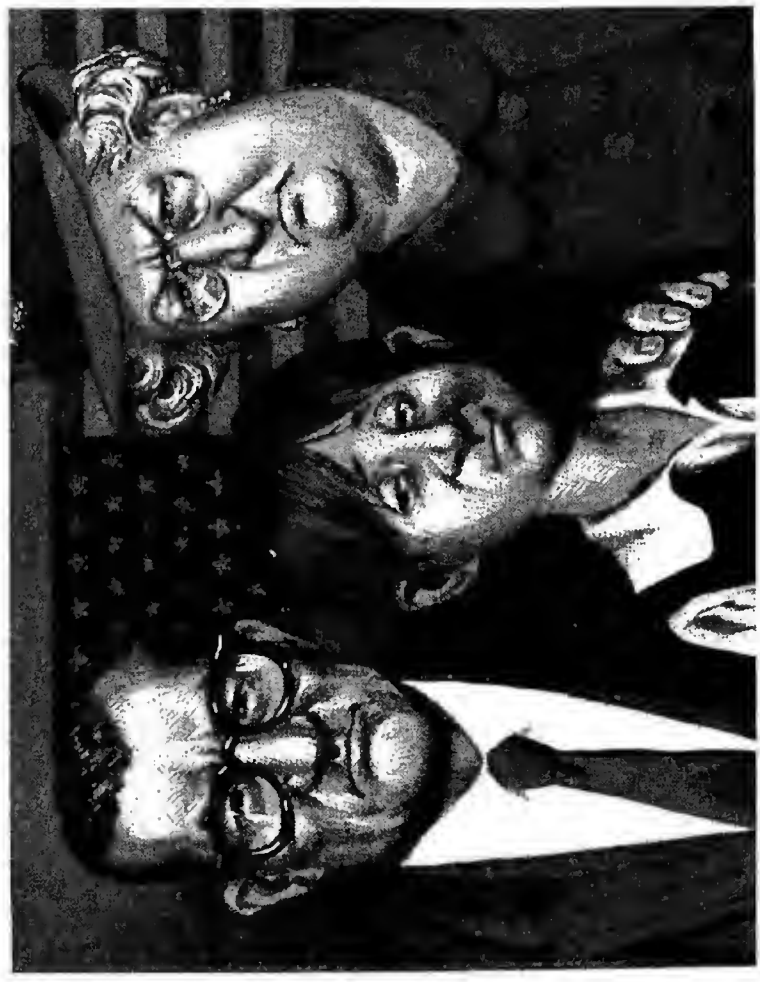
and men in a futile attempt at reviving the victim. Friends reported Dumpty as complaining recently of "feeling rotten."

Dreaming of making a Christmas pie so savory that your family can't resist digging their thumbs in to snare the juicy plums? Then follow the advice of plum-diving, Champion Chef J. Horner who displays no false modesty over his culinary achievement. "What a good boy am I!" boasted the jovial epicure.

### Juvenile Delinquency

**GUTE TAG—Go to the dogs IPSO FACTO—It's a fact**

### YOUNG MAN BRINGS DISCRIMINATION CHARGES



A wool-gathering teenager who asked that his name be withheld charged discrimination today in the distribution of three bags of wool from local sheep. He claimed the Master got one and some

Dame got one, but due to prejudice, he received none. "Just because I was crying in the lane!" he sobbed. A full investigation is now being conducted by the Anti-Defamation League.

In the words of the fabulously wealthy Chinese philosopher, Tai Koon, there is only one tragedy in life greater than not having your big dream come true—and that's having it coming true.

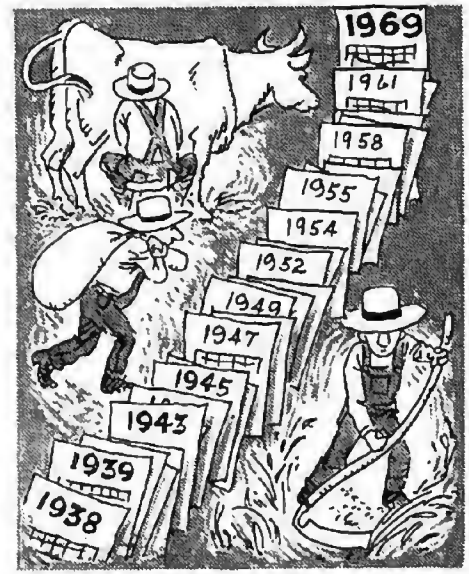
# THE DREAM



Toiling under the hot sun was Abner's lot in life.



Life's only comfort was the thought of a distant retirement.



Unmercifully, the years drifted by—all too slowly.



Poor Pvt. Bemish was always taking orders.



If only he could become an officer, the tables would be turned.



He applied for Officer Candidate School, where he underwent the most grueling months of his life.



This hot oriental aphorism is coolly expressed by one of our coolie-artists in a series called . . .

# CAME TRUE

If Doris Day married Enoch Light, she'd be DORIS DAY LIGHT.



Then one day, the dream came true!



. . . And Abner is still toiling under the hot sun.

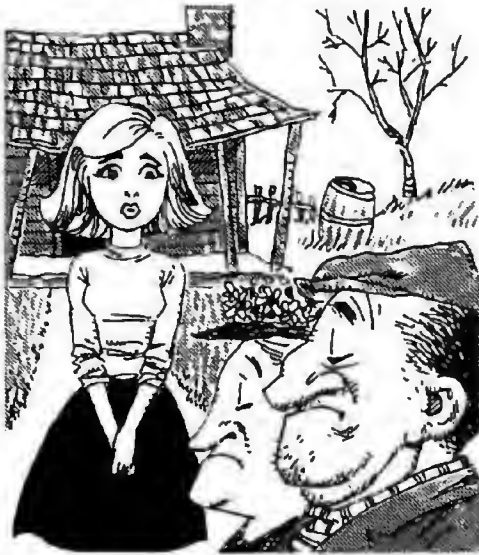


Then one day, the dream came true!



. . . And Bemish is taking more orders than ever before.

Young Gladys was miserable. Her family was the poorest in the neighborhood.



She promised herself that she'd marry above her station.



To get the right man, she connived, she schemed and she coquetted.



George, a clerk, craved the finer things in life.



And he swore that he'd be a big success some day.



He worked his way untiringly up the ladder of success.



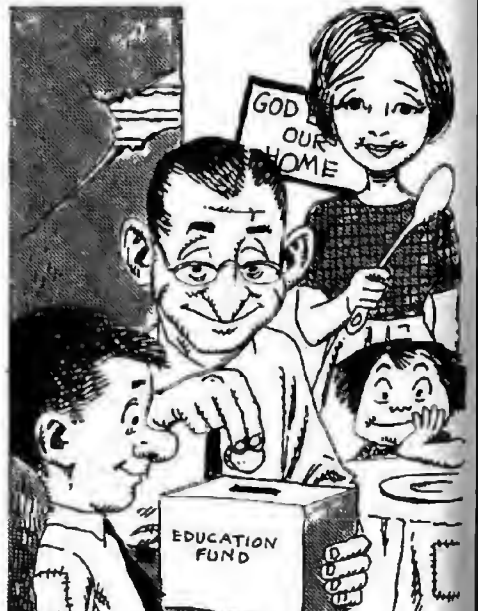
There wasn't much Harry could do to escape his fate—a west-side tenement.



But, by golly, his children were going to amount to something!



Simple pleasures were denied and every penny went toward the family goal.





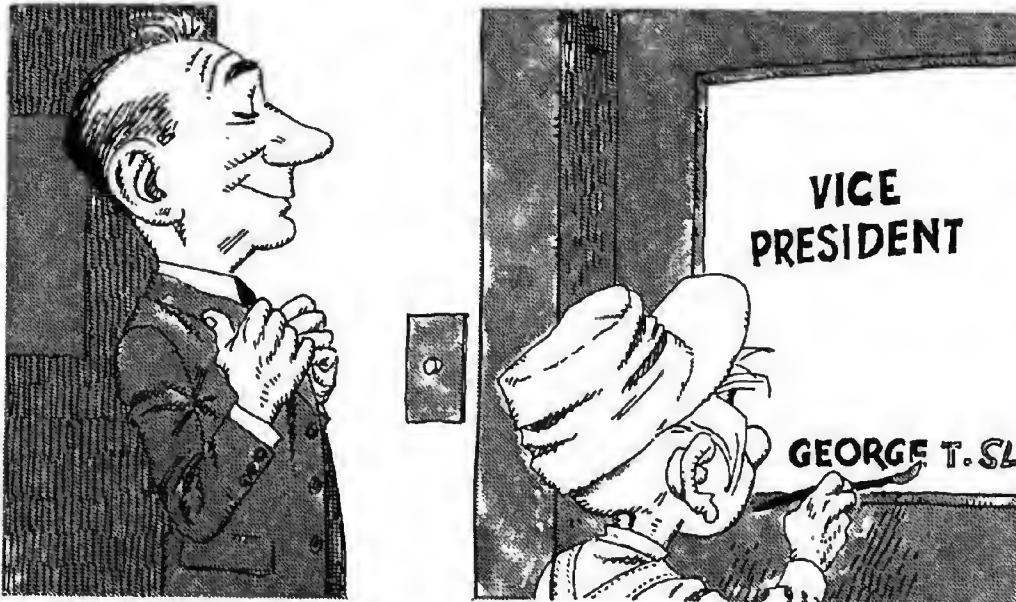
Then one day, the dream came true!



... And her family is still the poorest  
in a neighborhood of millionaires!



Then one day, the dream came true!



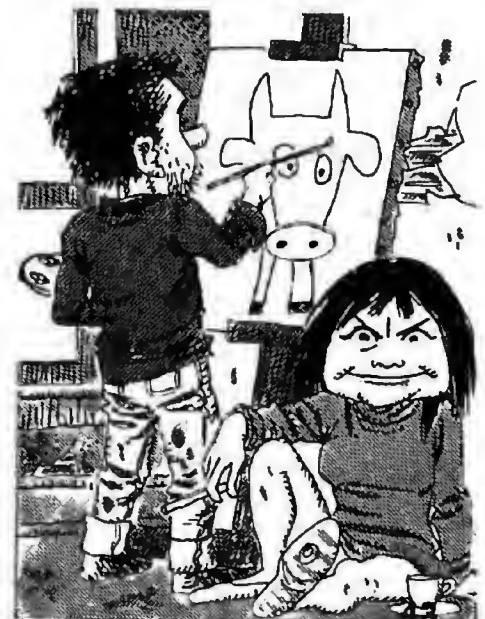
... And ulcer-plagued George  
is still craving.



Then one day, the dream came true!

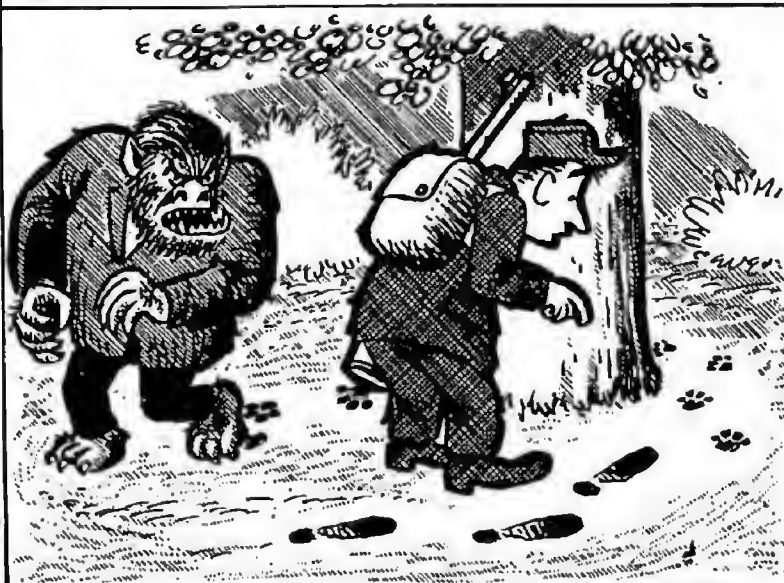


And Harry's sophisticated beatnik kids  
returned to their old, authentic  
Bohemian tenement.



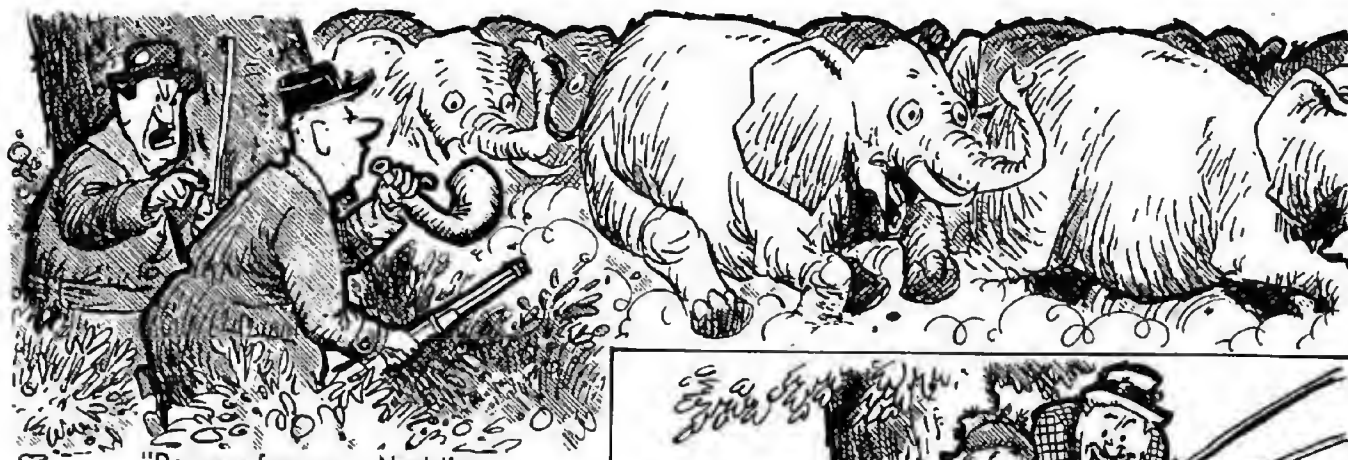
# CRACKED LOOKS AT HUNTING AND FISHING

LeBer-



"Hey, Joe . . . See if you can figure these tracks out!"

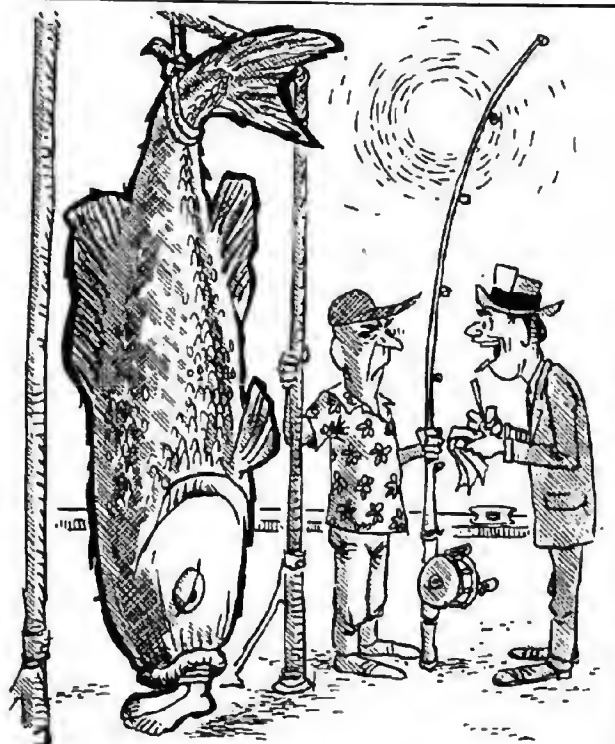




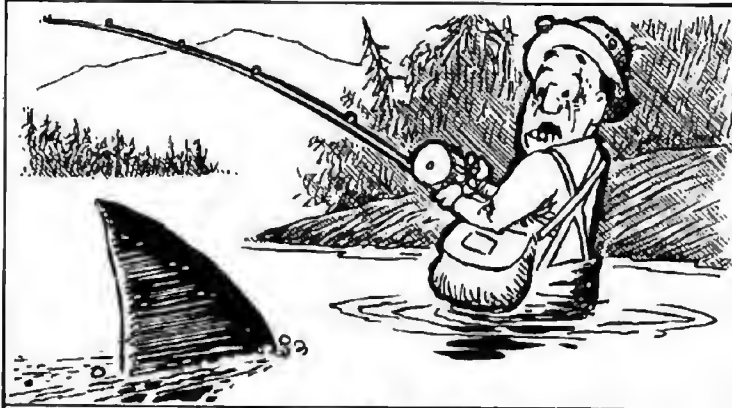
"Do me a favor. . . . Next time,  
leave your moose call home."



"Looks like we're gonna get a bite. . . .  
The fish is accepting our offering!"



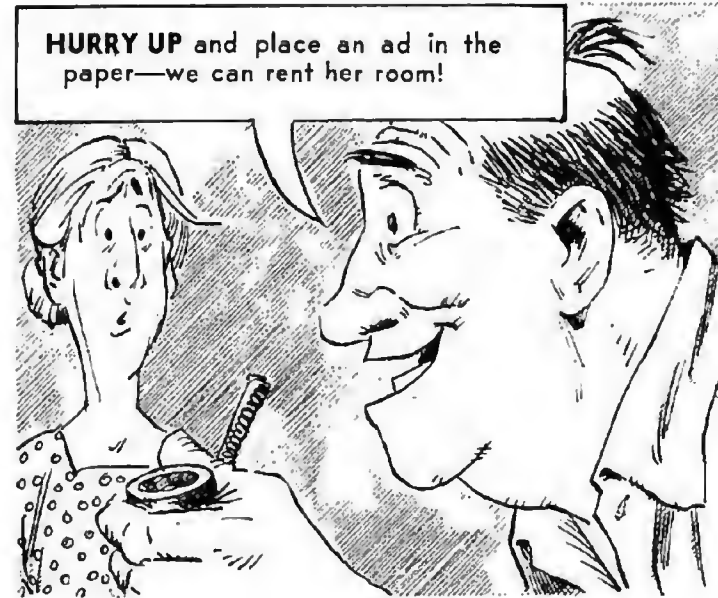
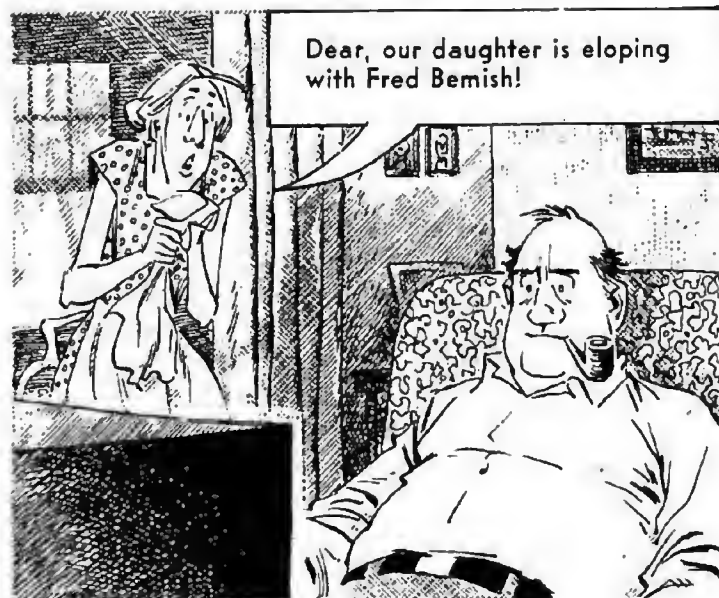
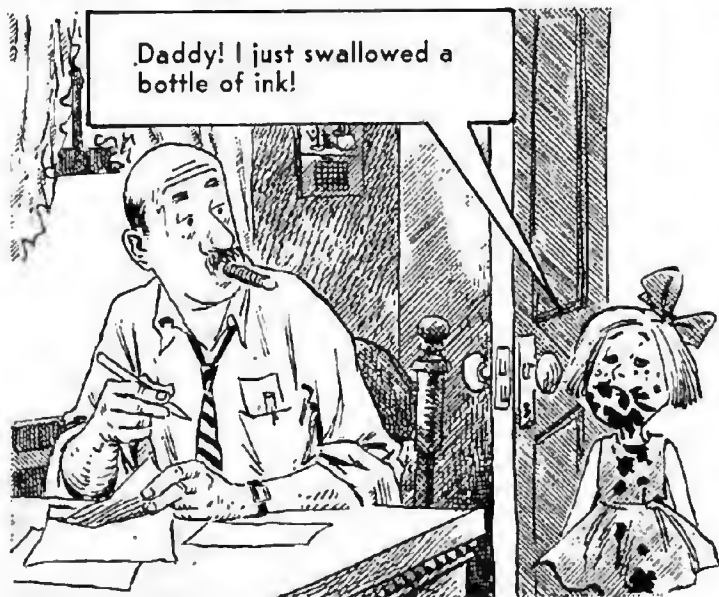
"How about telling our readers  
what you used for bait?"



"KILL, BOY . . . KILL!!"

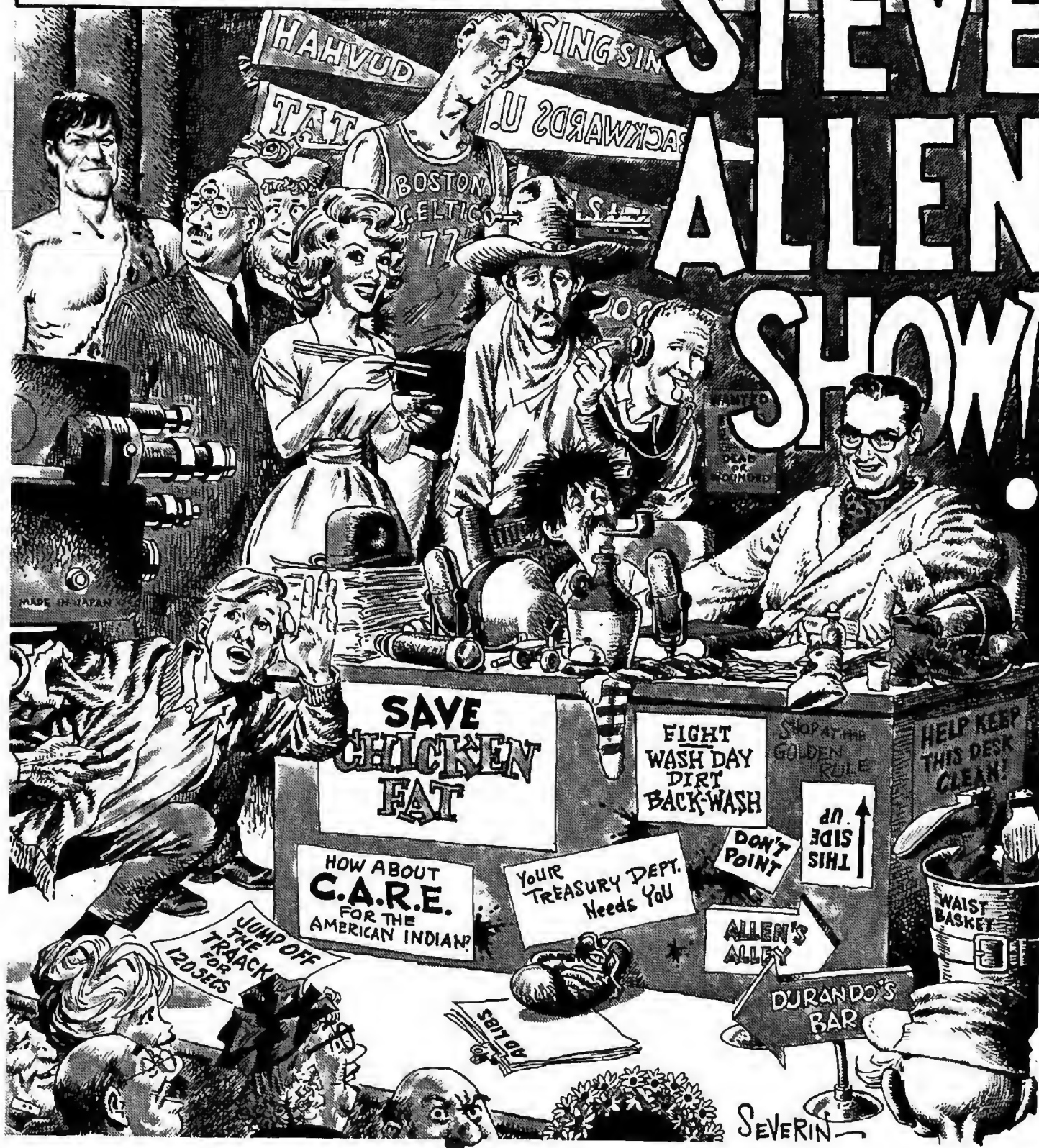
# HURRY-UPS

In this issue, CRACKED introduces the latest fad. Hot on the heels of the Shup-Ups and the Wind-Up Dolls comes the HURRY-UP! Here is our contribution to the movement. How about you? Heard any good ones lately? If so, Hurry Up—and share them with us!

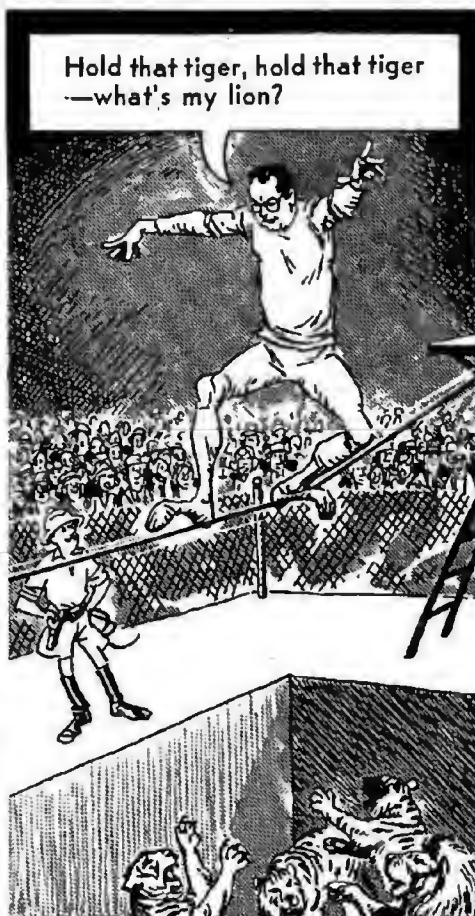




**CRACKED** would like to show why  
fans love . . .



# THE PROGRAM IS POPULAR BECAUSE OF CRAZY STUNTS STEVE DOES...

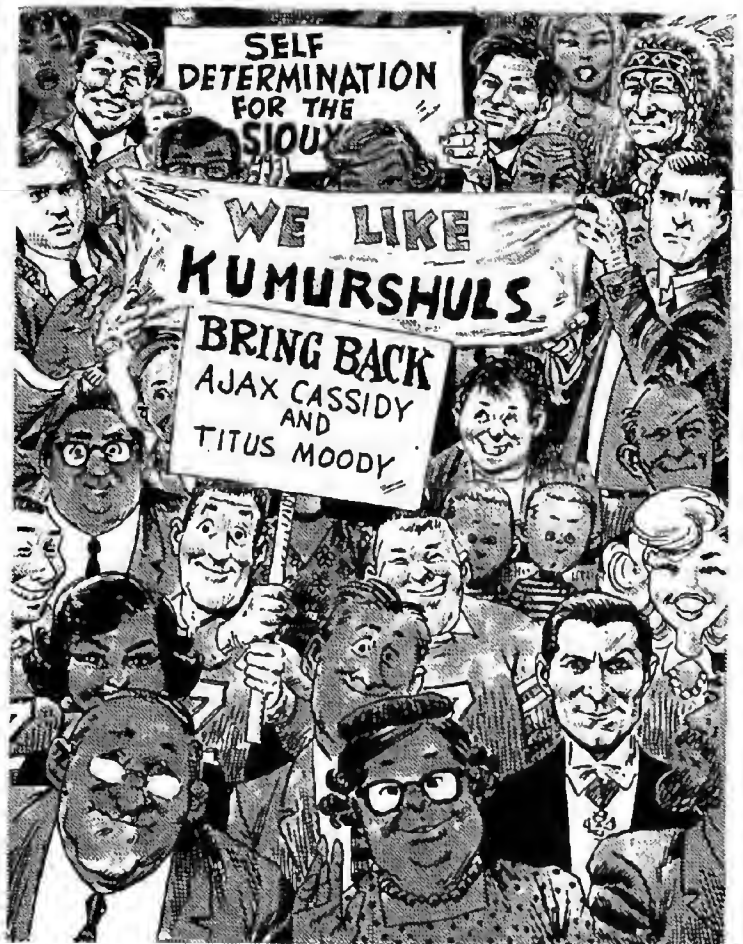
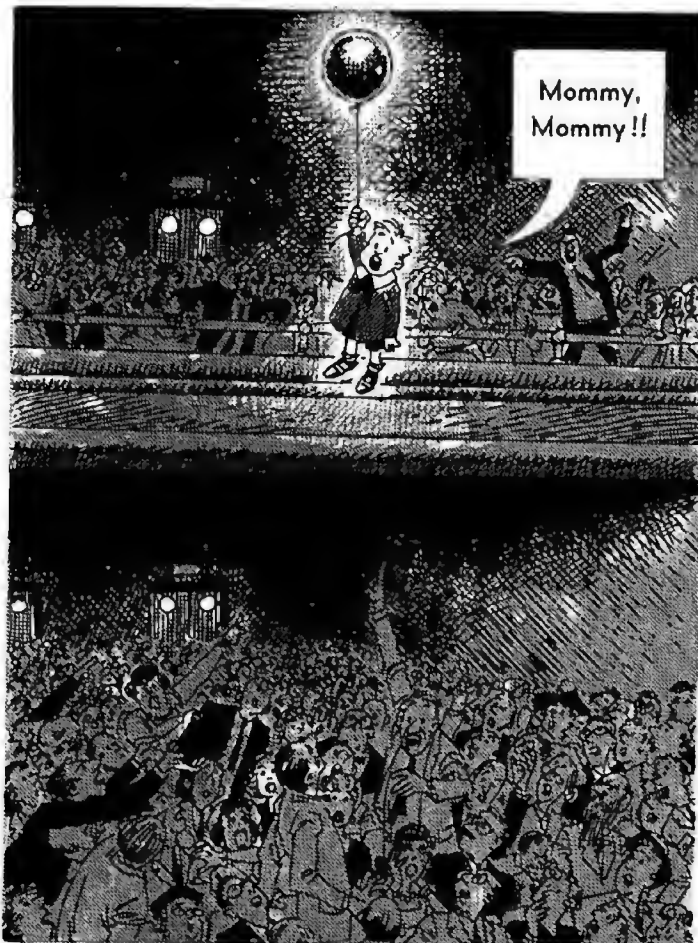


# THE DIRECTOR'S OFF-CAMERA STUNTS ARE ZANY...





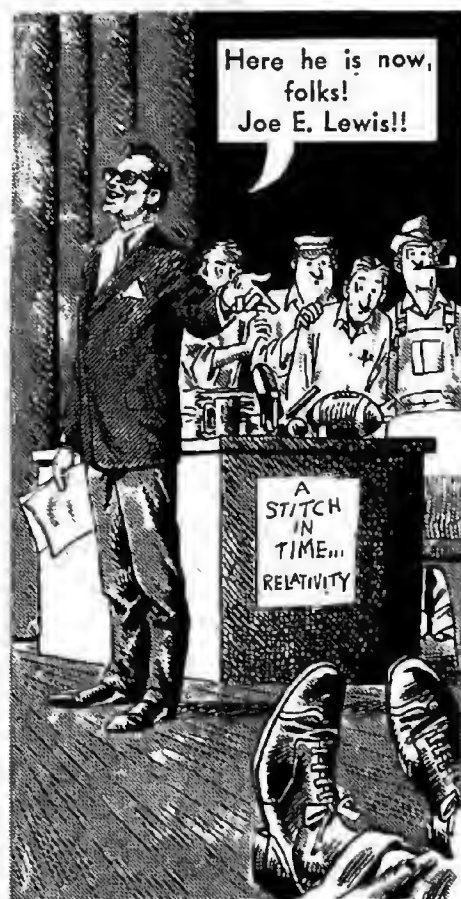
THE SHOW IS POPULAR BECAUSE OF STUNTS THE AUDIENCE PERFORMS ...



FANS ENJOY WATCHING THE BROADCAST FROM UNUSUAL PLACES . . .

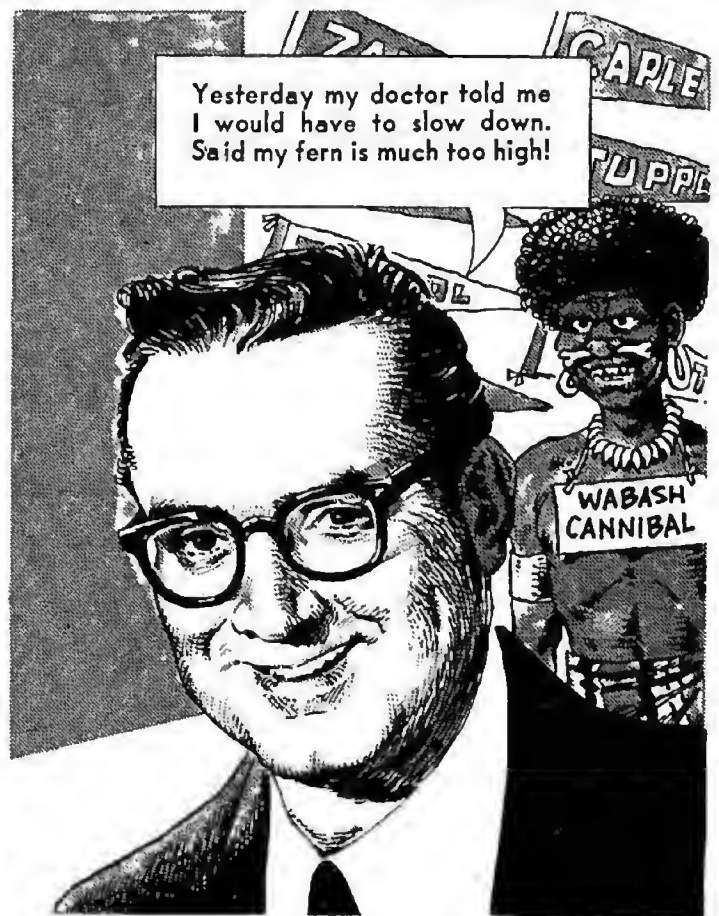


THOUSANDS OF VIEWERS LIKE HIS INTERVIEWS WITH FAMOUS STARS . . .

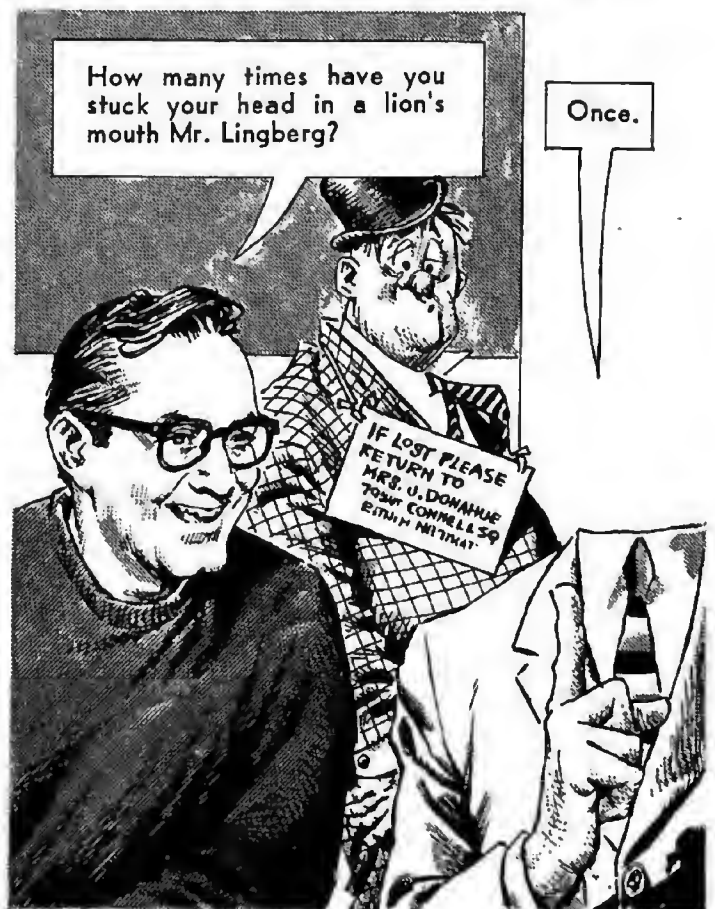
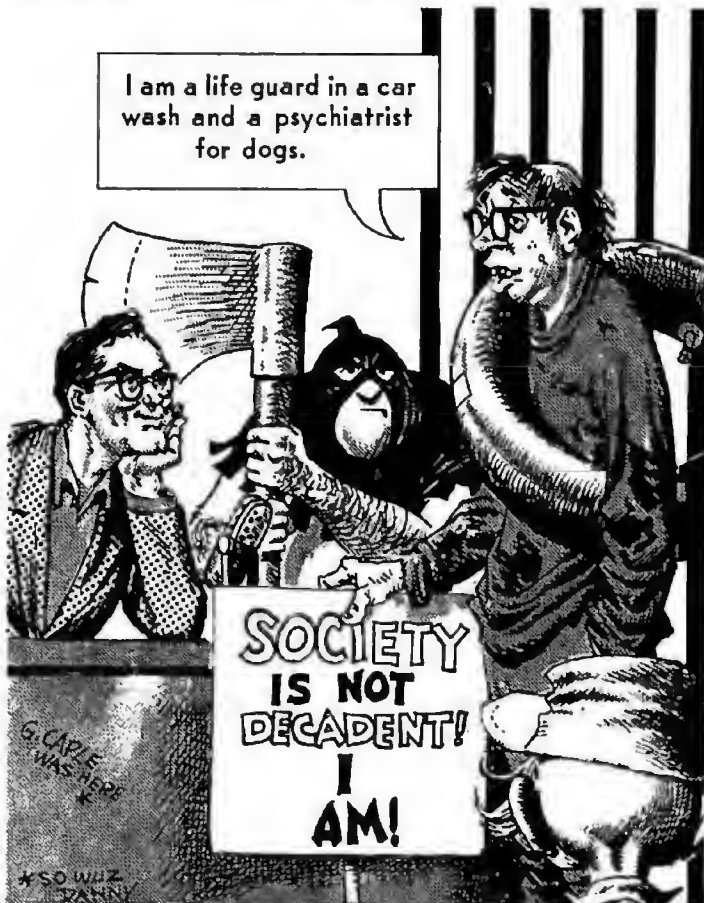




PART OF THE SHOW'S LARGE APPEAL IS STEVE'S FUNNY WORDS . . .



THE SHOW TAKES ON ADDED COLOR BECAUSE OF WEIRD GUESTS . . .



# MILLIONS OF FANS ENJOY STEVE'S TELEPHONE CALLS . . .

Hello, U.S. Army Recruiting Office? I would like to re-enlist in the army. Name? Steve Allen, 32-43 Walnut Road, Hollywood. Thank you.

Is this Al's meat market? Do you sell fresh buffalo meat? What, What! This is the 56th Street Police Station. er, er. No, no this isn't the Steve Allen show . . . No . . . I'm not trying to be funny . . . Oh, No . . . I just got a ticket for talking back to a policeman!!

Opps! We forgot to pay the telephone bill this month—the phone has been disconnected!



# SHOW'S POPULAR BECAUSE OF STEVE'S GREAT COMEDY STYLE . . .

This morning a bum stopped me and asked for 25 dollars for a cup of coffee. I told him coffee is only 10 cents a cup and he said I know, but I'm a big tipper!





# BEASTYRUST SALE!

Save a big \$1.53 on Extra-long sets!

(on extra-short sets for midgets, you save 93c)



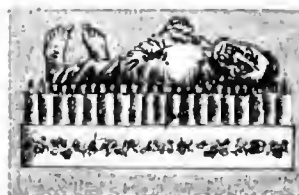
5" Longer (All Wood)

SEVERIN

Sleep longer. Sleep better. Snore and your old lady makes you sleep in the living room. Save \$1.53 or \$20. (If you don't want springs in the mattress.) Buy now during our 1,079th Beastyrust sale. (We have more sales than anyone else in the business—gosh, do we like money!) Remember our sale lasts for only two months — August, 1964 and September, 1965.



Here's why ordinary mattresses sag. Too much weight on any area causes a mess. (So next time tell your horse to take his saddle off before he goes to sleep).



Beastyrust coils are made of solid, sharp steel. You won't sag. Matter of fact you won't get too much sleep. Our mattresses are big sellers in India.



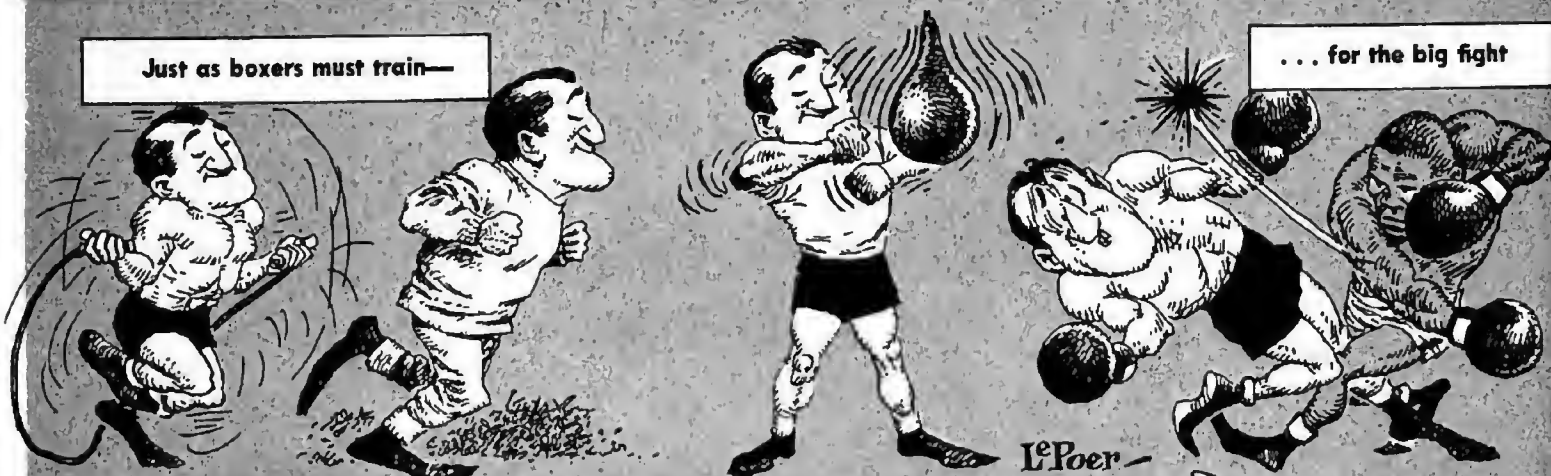
New free booklet, "How to buy a mattress or 'How to count sheep when you can't sleep.'" Send name and address to Summons Company, Kneel Mart, Box S-N-O-R-E, Lump, Ill.

Regular CRACKED readers should be familiar with at least one form of kissing. With each issue they kiss away 35¢. But enough of our lip — let us study the science of smoochology from the lips of experts...

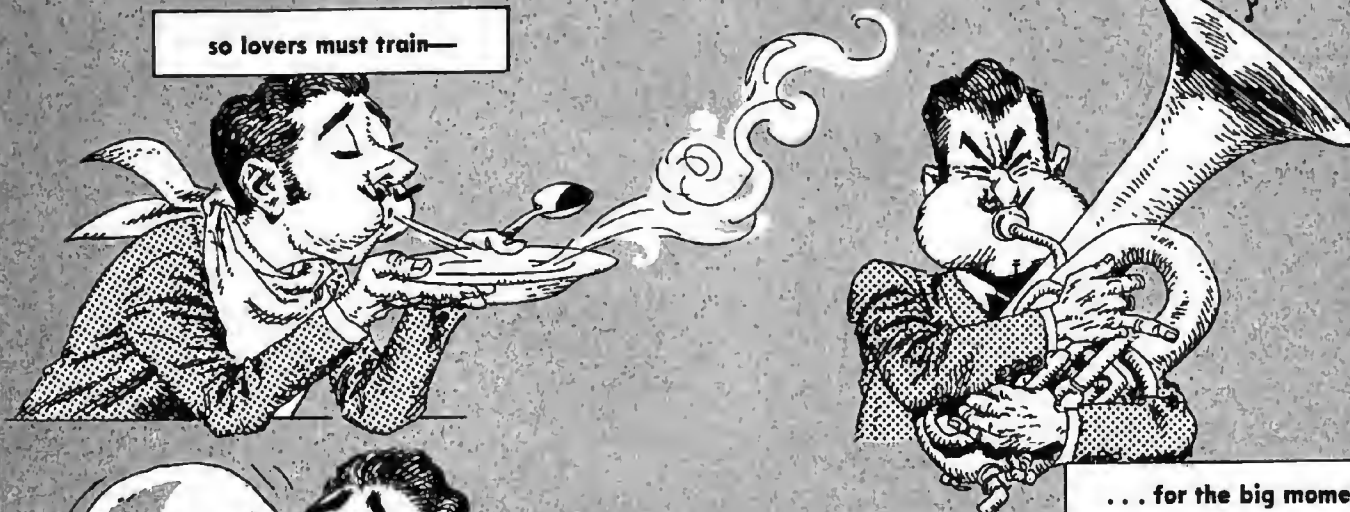


# THE ART

Just as boxers must train—



so lovers must train—



... for the big moment





ANY ARTICLE ON LIPS  
MUST INCLUDE THE  
BIGGEST LIP OF ALL ...  
THE LOUISVILLE LIP



Golly! What  
huge lovely  
lips!



I guess they're for  
kissing the canvas

# OF KISSING

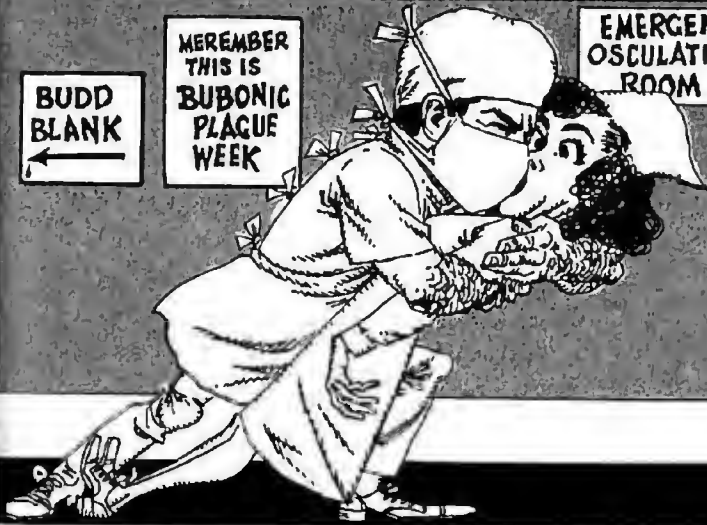
## KISSING CELEBRITIES

BEN CASEY ... famous for his **SANITARY KISS**

BUDD  
BLANK

REMEMBER  
THIS IS  
BUBONIC  
PLAGUE  
WEEK

EMERGENCY  
OSCULATING  
ROOM



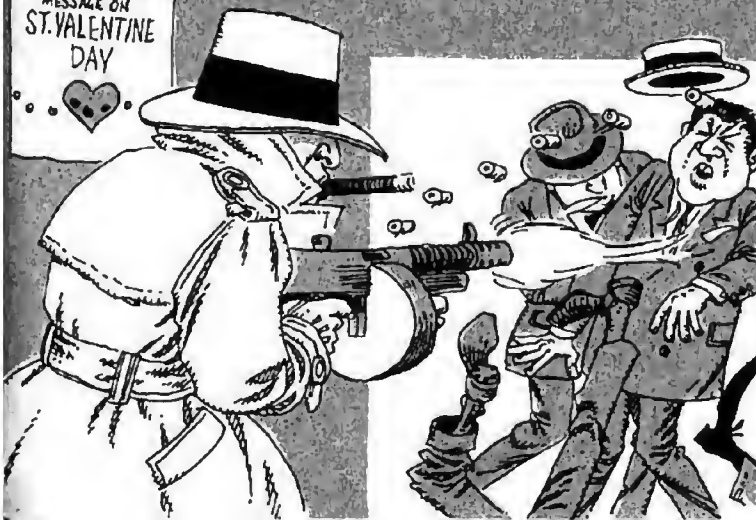
MARCELLO MASTROIANNI

... famous for his fiery **KISS OF PASSION**



AL CAPONE ... famous for his **KISS OF DEATH**

MAKE SURE YOUR  
FRIENDS GET THE  
MESSAGE ON  
ST. VALENTINE  
DAY



SUPERMAN ... famous for his **SUPER KISS**



# A MARTIAN

Dear Mom and Dad:  
We landed in a strange-looking place called "Flatbush, Brooklyn." The natives were friendly except one angry-looking man who was wearing a blue uniform and kept yelling he would give me a ticket for double parking my space ship. (I parked it on top of a bus.)

Later I walked along the street and the natives gave me many funny looks. In fact one native staggered out of a place named "Mike's Bar and Grill" and stared (cont'd)

When I showed them how we smoke on Mars, they were startled. (I put the cigarette in my left ear and let the smoke come out of my toe nails.)

Another strange thing they do here is to drive on the right side of the road. But get this - their right is our left and so they're really driving backwards.

Their food is yaccho!!! all a woman seems to do to prepare a meal is to take a box out of the refrigerator and place (cont'd)

**EQUAL RIGHTS!**

FORMER LANDOWNERS ASSOCIATION  
MOHAWK BROOKLYN CHAP. 7

SEYERIN



# Writes Home From Earth

at me and then shouted something that sounded like "My gosh, that does it — tomorrow I'm going on the wagon!" Maybe it was the big hat I was wearing at the time — it was the green one with the live Weygabokine on top.

The inhabitants of this planet have some very weird customs. Like the way they smoke. Here they place a cigarette in their mouth and light it. You have to laugh because it's a very funny sight.

(cont'd)

it in the kitchen stove for a couple of minutes. (I think they call it T.V. Dinners.) and you should see what they do with meatballs. Hold on to your zerlo — They eat them. Hee Hee!!! When I told them we use meatballs for ball bearings in our cars, they laughed like a bunch of crazy people. (Strange, Strange folks!)

You should see how the men on this planet shave! Now get this — they shave the hair off their faces from

(cont'd)

the outside! That's right — from the outside — not from the inside like the men on Mars.

The natives' music is at least 100 years behind ours. Right now the big rage with teenagers is Rock 'N' Roll. I told them they are not up-to-date and they should get with our music, "THE XSTOEPEX-ZUKERDRO FOX-FIP." You know, that dance where we stand on our heads and the room moves around us slowly?

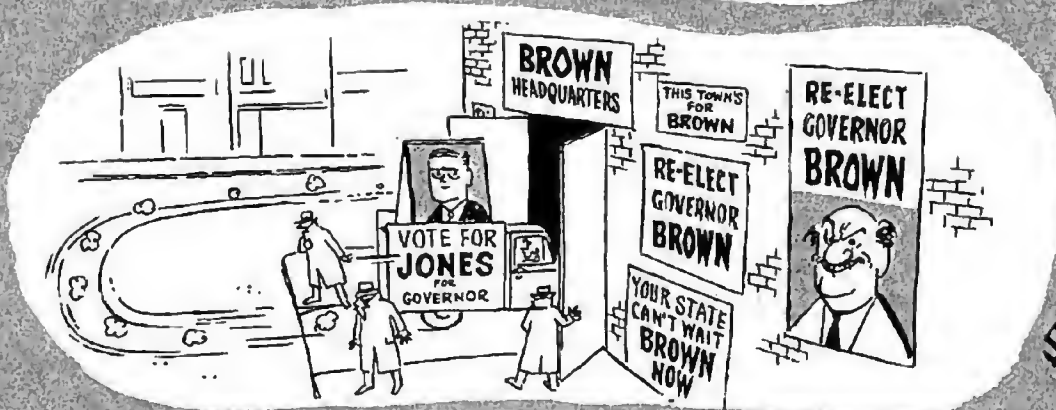
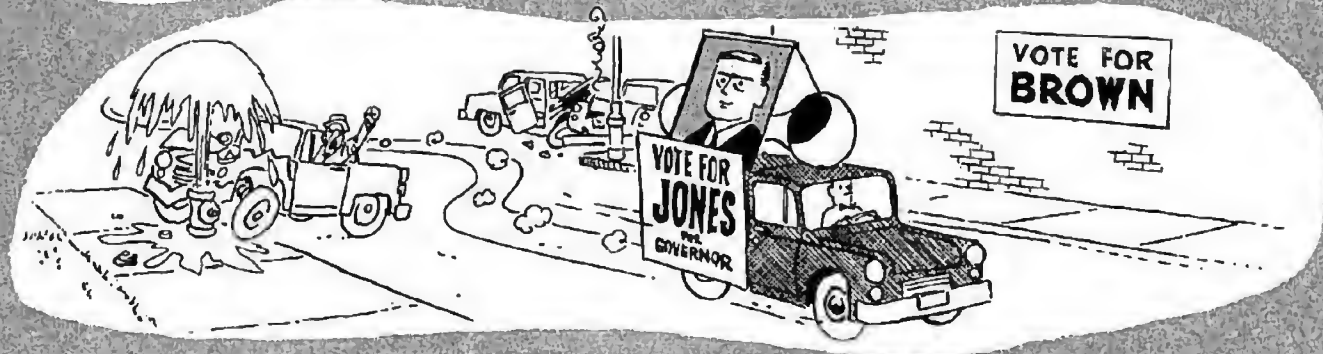
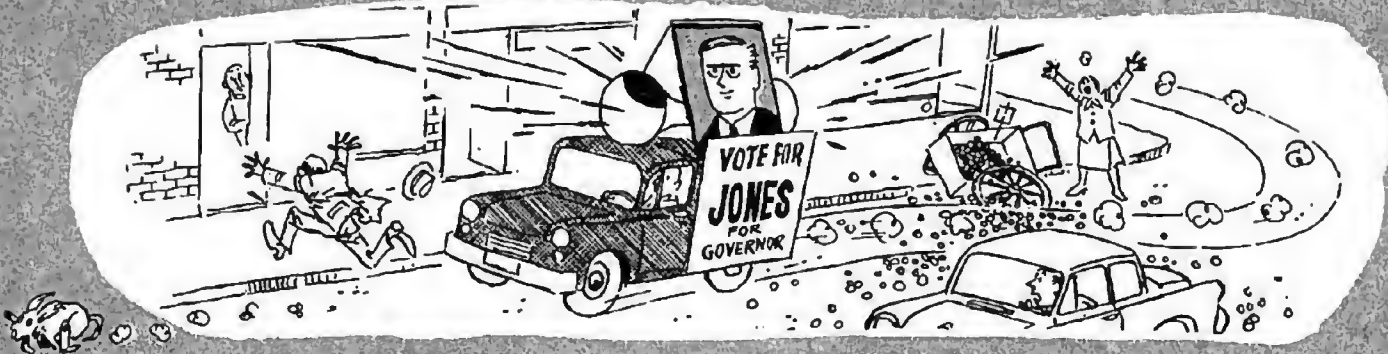
(cont'd)

The weather here is real crazy. When it rains, it rains water and not hot chicken soup.

I will write you another letter soon. I think my fountain pen is starting to run out of brink. Your loving daughter,  
Zelbazar

P.S. Please send me my Crashzeboez — It's cold here.

# GET OUT THE VOTE!



SEVERIN



**GO-GO GIRLS GO GA-GA SECTION:**

The twenties had their Rudy Vallee adorers; the forties had their Sinatra worshippers; the fifties had their Presley idolizers. And now CRACKED would like to pay tribute to the fans, who, for sheer enthusiasm and pure hysteria, are without equal. We're referring, of course, to the American girls who worship English recording stars.



# SUPER FAN-ELAN



Eye with which she sees eye-to-eye with fellow admirers of the Animals.

Teeth to grind in anger at the policemen who kept her from getting Dave Clark's autograph on his last tour.

Neck she'll stick out to defend her idols against Presley and Chuck Berry fans.

Stomach which can't stomach Frank Sinatra or any of the other old fogies her mother adores.

Back of the hand she'd like to give to those nasty theater ushers who stopped her from going backstage to see Herman's Hermits.

Fingers which she works to the bones to pay for those albums by the Rolling Stones.

Head that can easily be turned by the likes of Peter and Gordon.

Lip which she gave to the hotel doorman who kept her from talking personally to Freddie and the Dreamers.

Nose to be put to the grindstone for figuring out ways of getting tickets to the next Beatles Concert.

Heart to love Paul McCartney from the bottom of.

Arm and leg which she'd gladly pay for just one kiss from George Harrison.

Hip which she considers herself, coz she digs the Kinks, Hollies and Walker Brothers.

Heel for reminding her of the heel of an airport guard who prevented her from grabbing Tom Jones' scarf as a souvenir.



NEVERIN

JAMES BROWN IS OUT OF SIGHT



## ANATOMY OF A SUPER FAN

# OTHER CHARACTERISTICS OF TODAY'S SUPER FAN . . .

Golly! It's tea-time over there now!

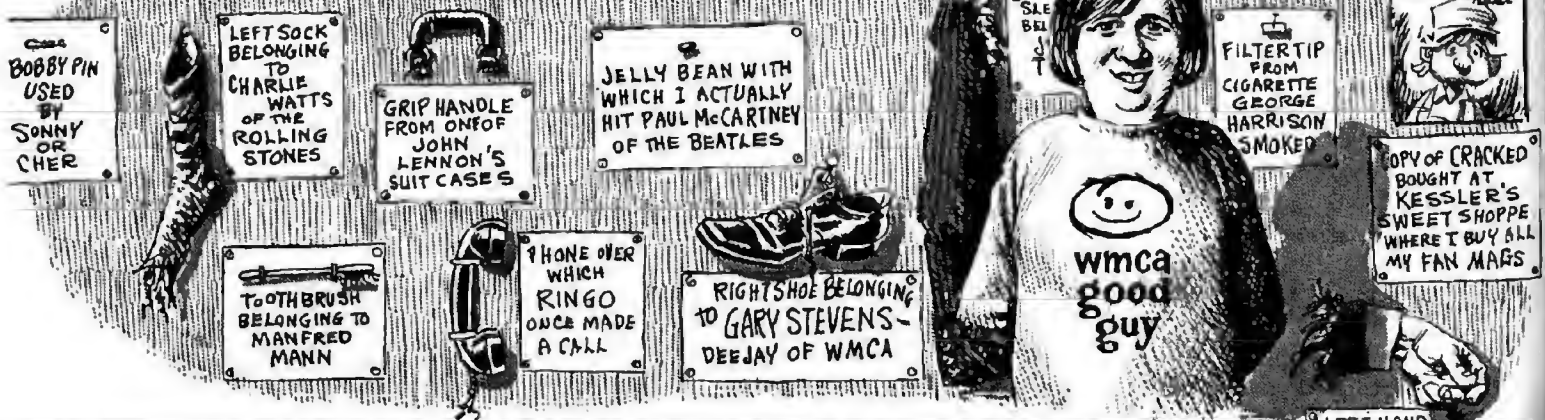
Her watch is always set some five hours ahead to London time, so it can beat in time with her English favorite's.

She's never without the latest copy of a British fan magazine which she has flown to her direct from England.

Your brother swiped your diary!

Phew! For a second, I thought it was my copy of "Rave."

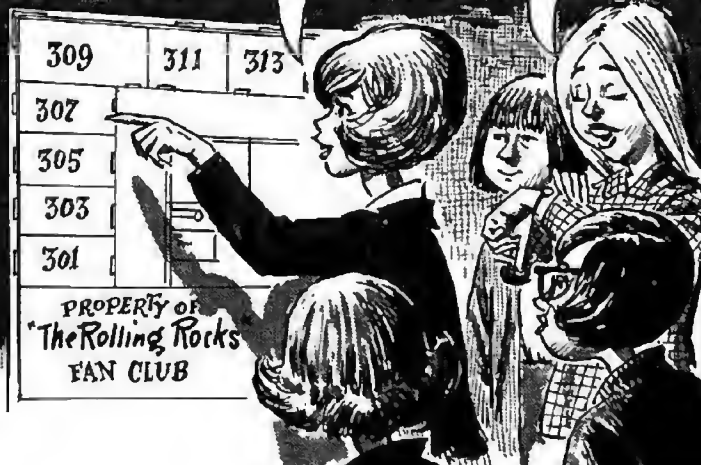
While she collects autographs, her real prize is her collection of more tangible souvenirs . . .



She possesses scale layouts of all the hotels and theaters in town so that she can plot and follow the exact whereabouts of any visiting English rockers.

If we storm the hotel lobby en masse, a few of us should make it up to their room.

Synchronize your watches, girls!



She is thoroughly versed on English affairs:

**ENGLISH HISTORY**—She knows a wide assortment of historical facts like the exact date the Beatles were awarded their M.B.E. medals.

**ENGLISH GEOGRAPHY**—She knows all the home addresses and hangouts of her Liverpoolian favorites.

**ENGLISH ECONOMICS**—She's aware of Britain's chief export (rock 'n' roll records) and Britain's chief import (dollars from American fans).

**ENGLISH LANGUAGE**—She's very fluent in her ability to translate strange terms like "grotty," "gear," "nit," "daft," "wiggly," etc.

. . . In addition, she holds a Ph.D. Degree (Professor of Hip Discs).



FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE AVID FANS WHO DIG BRITISH RECORDING STARS, WE PRESENT . . .

# THE COMPOSITE ENGLISH ROCK AND ROLLER

1. Take the cunning hair style of **PAUL McCARTNEY** (The Beatles)

2. . . . The pop-eyed expression of **PETER NOONE** (Herman's Hermits)

3. . . . The slapping technique of **MICK JAGGER** (Rolling Stones)



4. . . . The stylish shirt of **DAVE CLARK** (Dave Clark 5)

5. . . . The zany vitality of **FREDDIE GARRITY** (Freddie & the Dreamers)

6. . . . The surly mouth of **ERIC BURDON** (The Animals)



. . . And then add:

7. All the moodiness of **THE MOODY BLUES** . . .

8.

All the flightiness of **THE YARDBIRDS** . . .

9.

And all the kinkiness of **THE KINKS!**

**PUT THEM ALL TOGETHER AND YOU HAVE . . .**



THIS SPACE  
DONATED  
BY THE  
**CRACKED**  
CHAPTER  
OF THE  
OSSIFER  
JOE BOLTON  
FAN CLUB



A few weeks ago, after we checked into a room at the Hotel Milton-Flink-Hilton, we got to thinking about what happens to the appearance of a room after different guests have occupied it. CRACKED is proud to present the stirring saga of



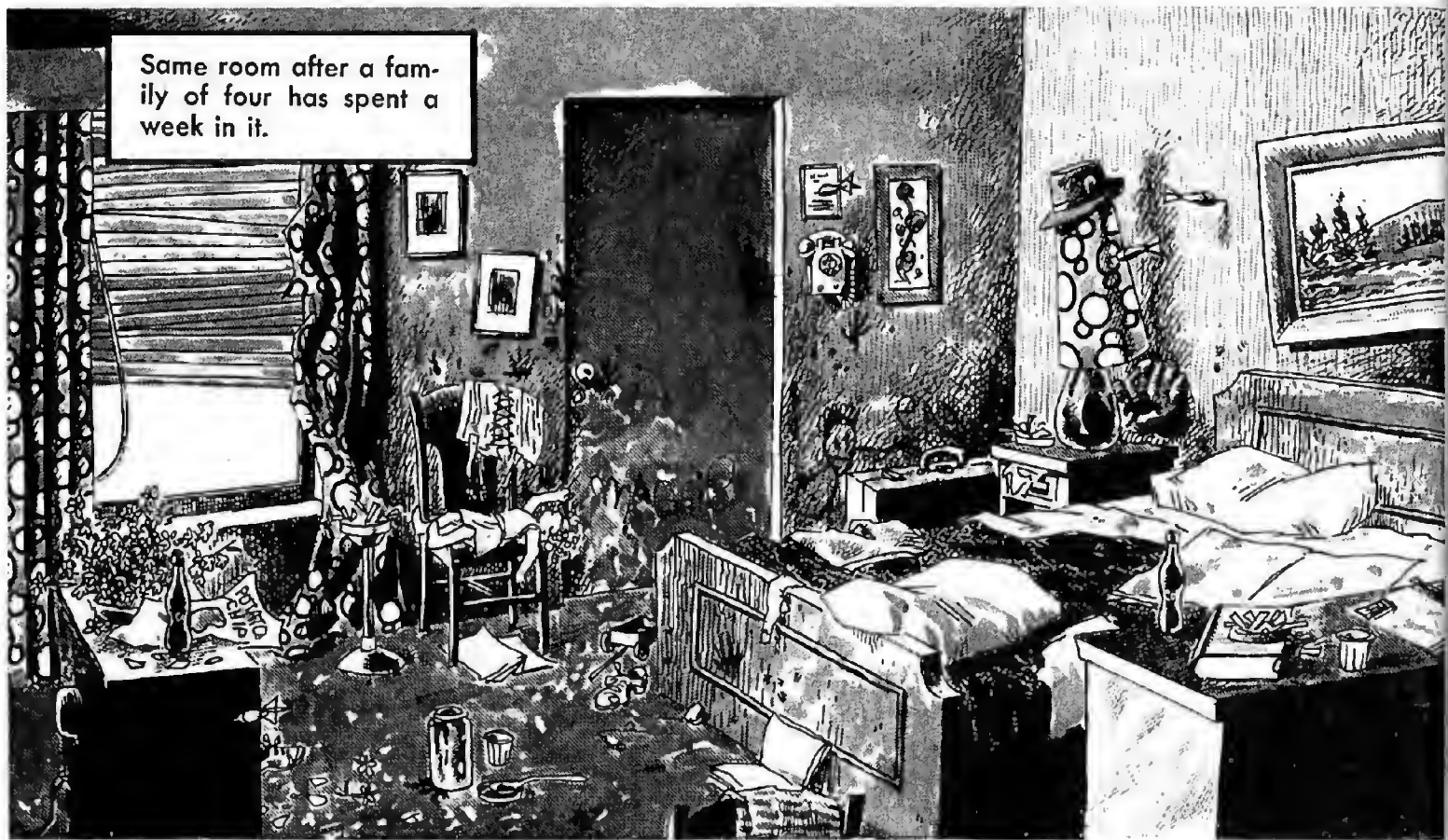
# ROOM 5C

EIGBUÖRN

(OR HOT AND COLD RUNNING SOMETHING IN EVERY ROOM)



Same room after a family of four has spent a week in it.

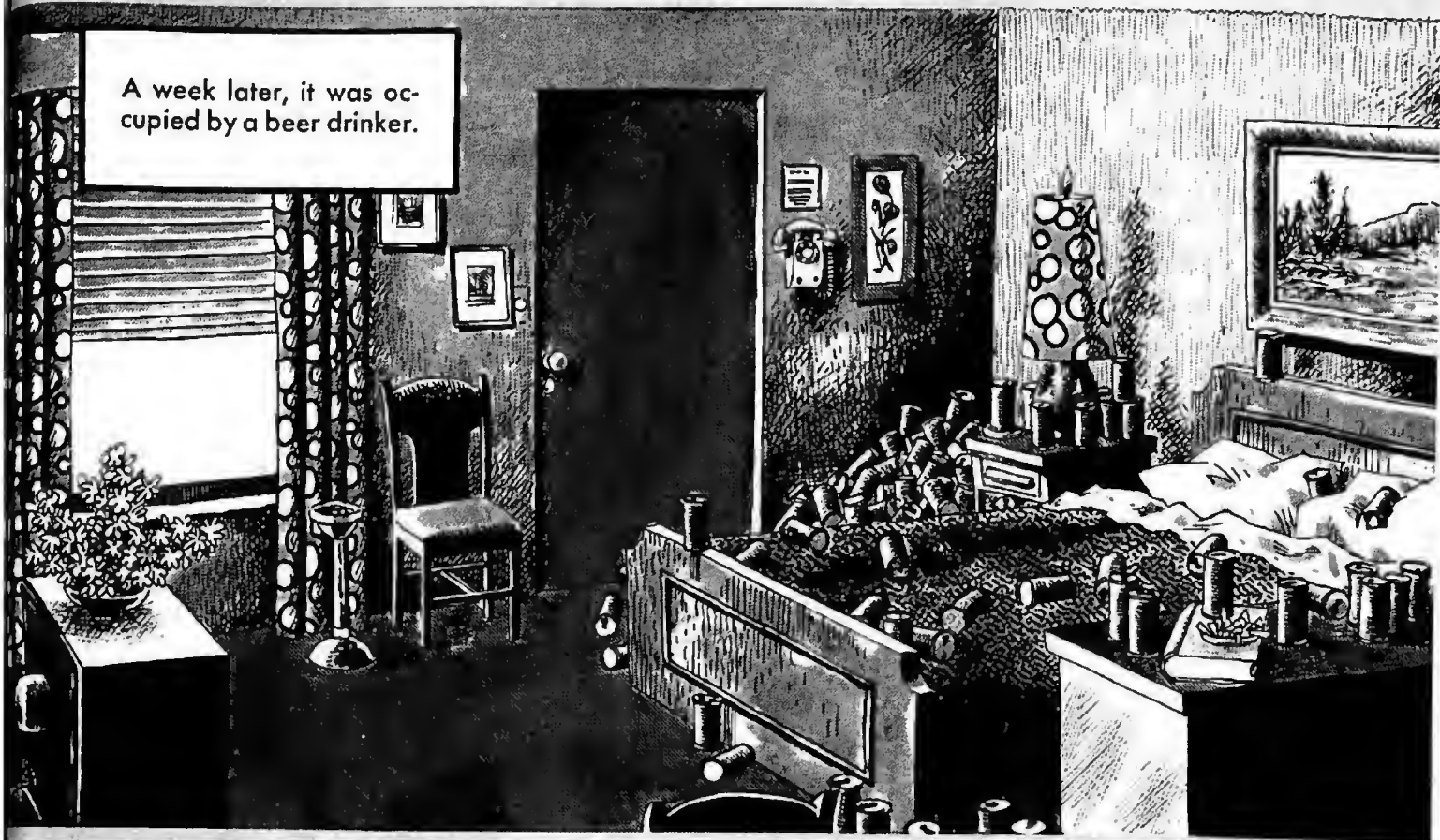


5C was next rented by a gangster who was hiding from the police.

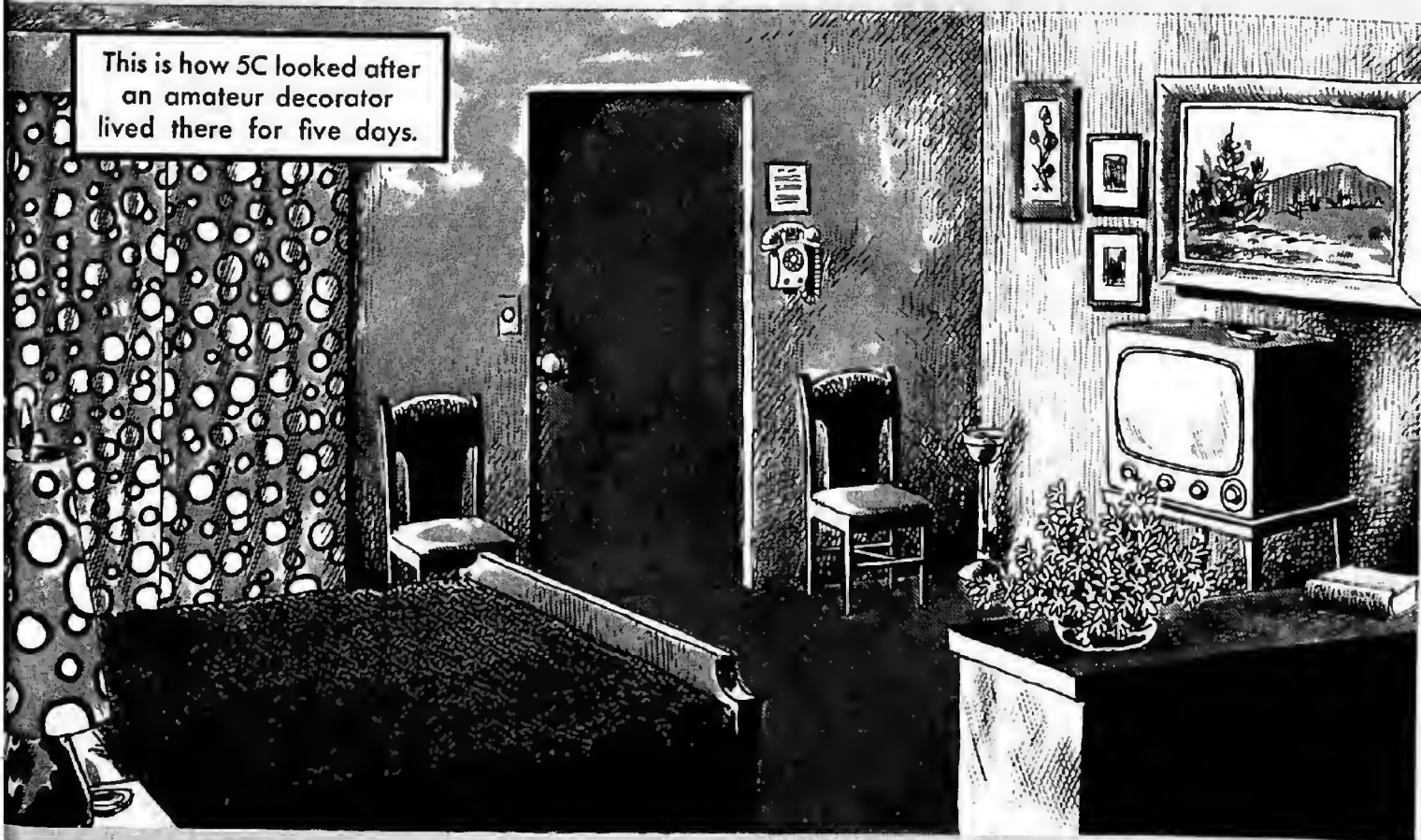




A week later, it was occupied by a beer drinker.



This is how 5C looked after an amateur decorator lived there for five days.







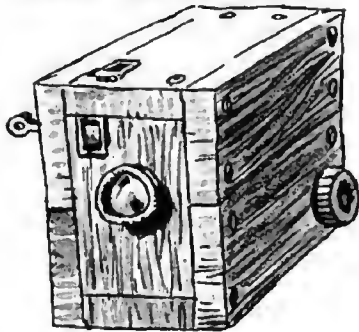
**THUMB IN FRONT OF LENS SECTION:**

One of the most popular hobbies in the world is photography. Almost every family owns at least one camera. It's been said that if all the cameras in the world were laid end to end, you'd get one heck of a picture! In keeping with the tremendous popularity of photography, we give you...

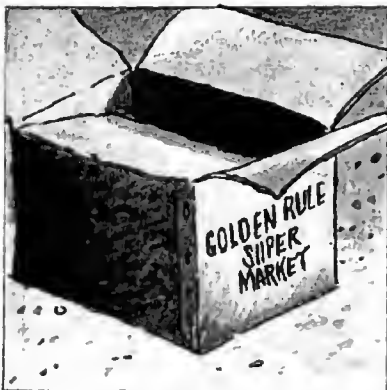
# A CRACKED LOOK AT PHOTOGRAPHY

**TYPES OF CAMERAS:**

**BOX CAMERA**



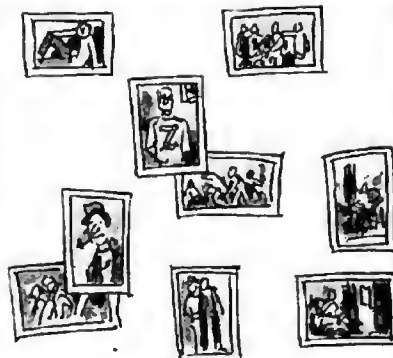
**BOX CAMERA PICTURE**



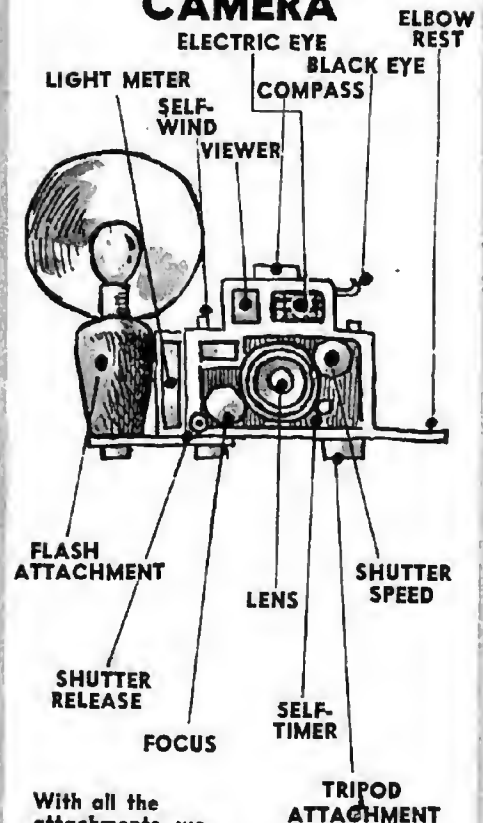
**35MM CAMERA**



**35MM PICTURES**



**ULTRA MODERN CAMERA**



With all the attachments, we can't afford film!

HOW TO TAKE PROPER PICTURES:

**Make sure your camera is loaded.**



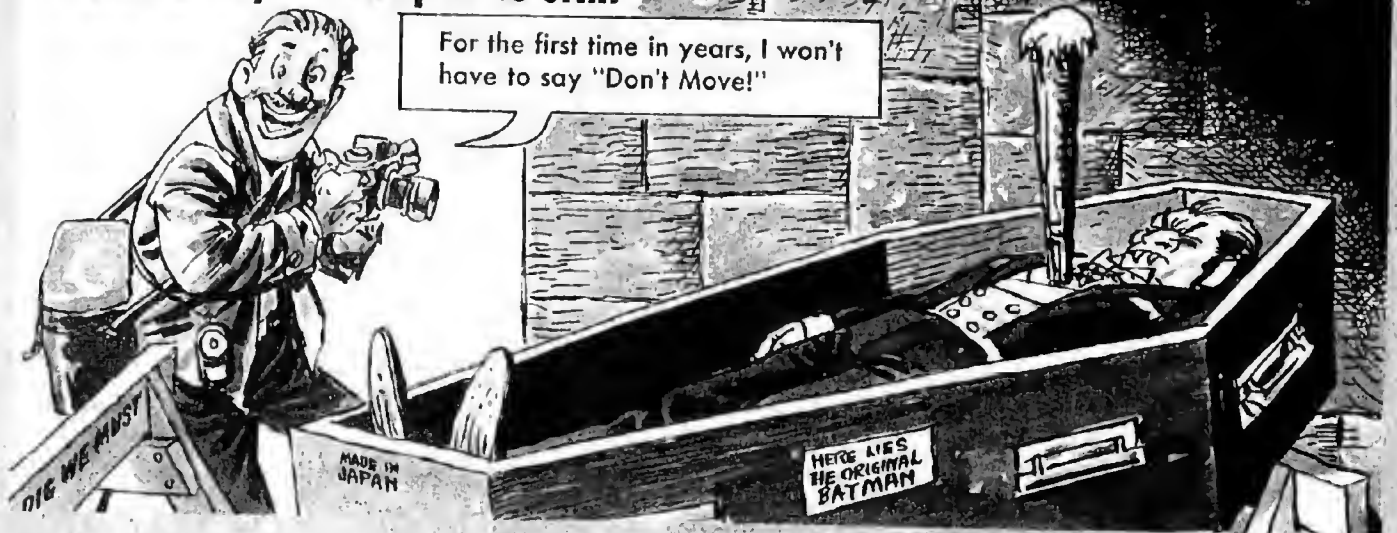
**Get subject in focus.**



That's it, Marthal  
You're coming into  
focus! (Hic!)



**Make sure your subject is still.**



In taking pictures, take  
your time. Haste makes  
waste.



Adjust your lenses to the  
proper light.



After everything is just  
right, snap the picture.

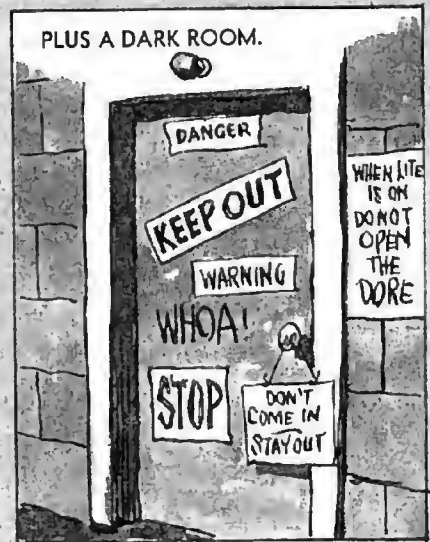
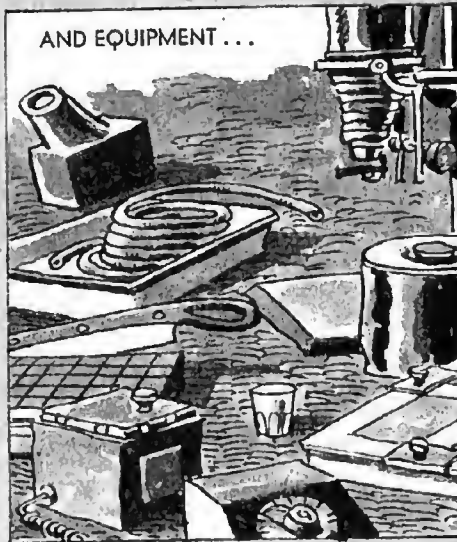
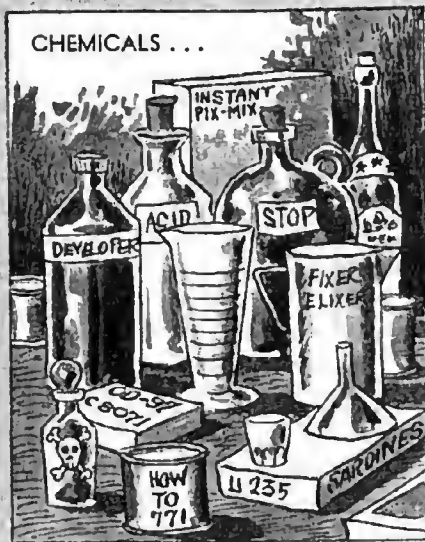


If the results aren't satis-  
factory, try again.

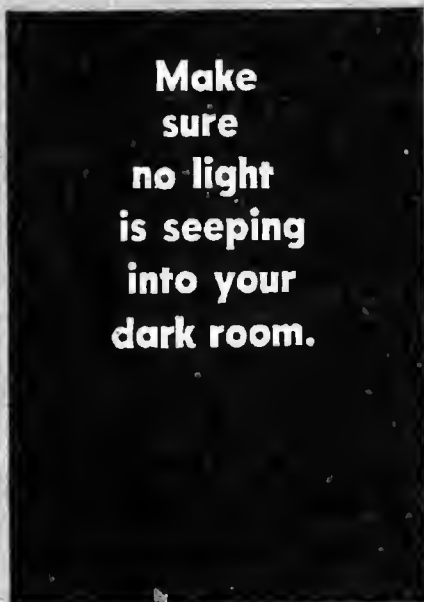




DEVELOPING AND PRINTING:

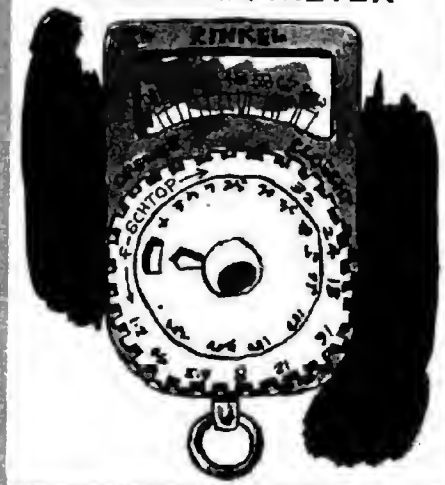


HOW TO PROPERLY PRINT YOUR PICTURES:

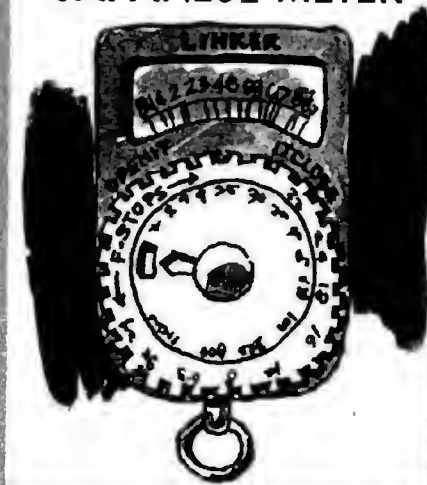


TYPES OF LIGHT METERS:

GERMAN METER



JAPANESE METER



PARKING METER



TYPES OF FILM:

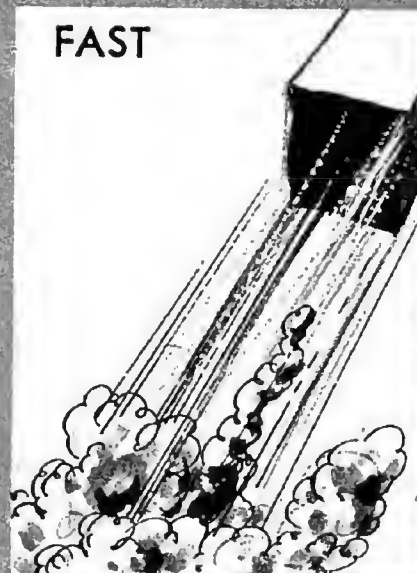
SLOW



MEDIUM



FAST



TYPES OF FLASHES:

BULB



NO! THIS IS NOT  
FRANKENSTEIN'S  
MONSTER... ED.

LIGHTNING



GORDON



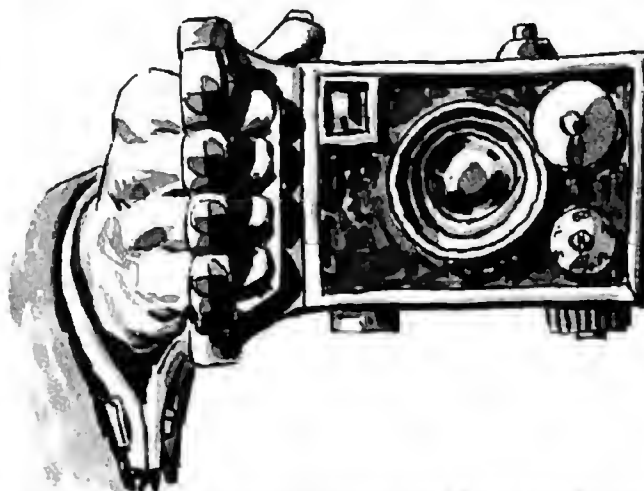


HERE ARE SOME SPECIALIZED CAMERAS:

CHEESECAKE CAMERA



ACTION SHOTS CAMERA



NO ARTICLE ON PHOTOGRAPHY WOULD BE COMPLETE WITHOUT A PHOTO CONTEST



"SNOW," taken by Billy Furd, age 1½. (f-30, speed—65 m.p.h.).



"AT WORK," taken by Arnie Creelpotski, coal miner.



"CLEO," taken by Joseph Manckowitz and D. F. Zanuck on 73½mm., with a TED-I-O lens, Super PANAFONY Sound, and \$3,500,000.67 worth of film.

## FROM WHITE HOUSE TO WHITE HORSE SECTION:

**I**n the White House sits a very grim and determined man, saddled with the world's complex problems. The thought must have occurred to this stalwart Texan that life would be much more easy if he could but approach today's problems in the simple, straightforward manner of his cowboy ancestors.

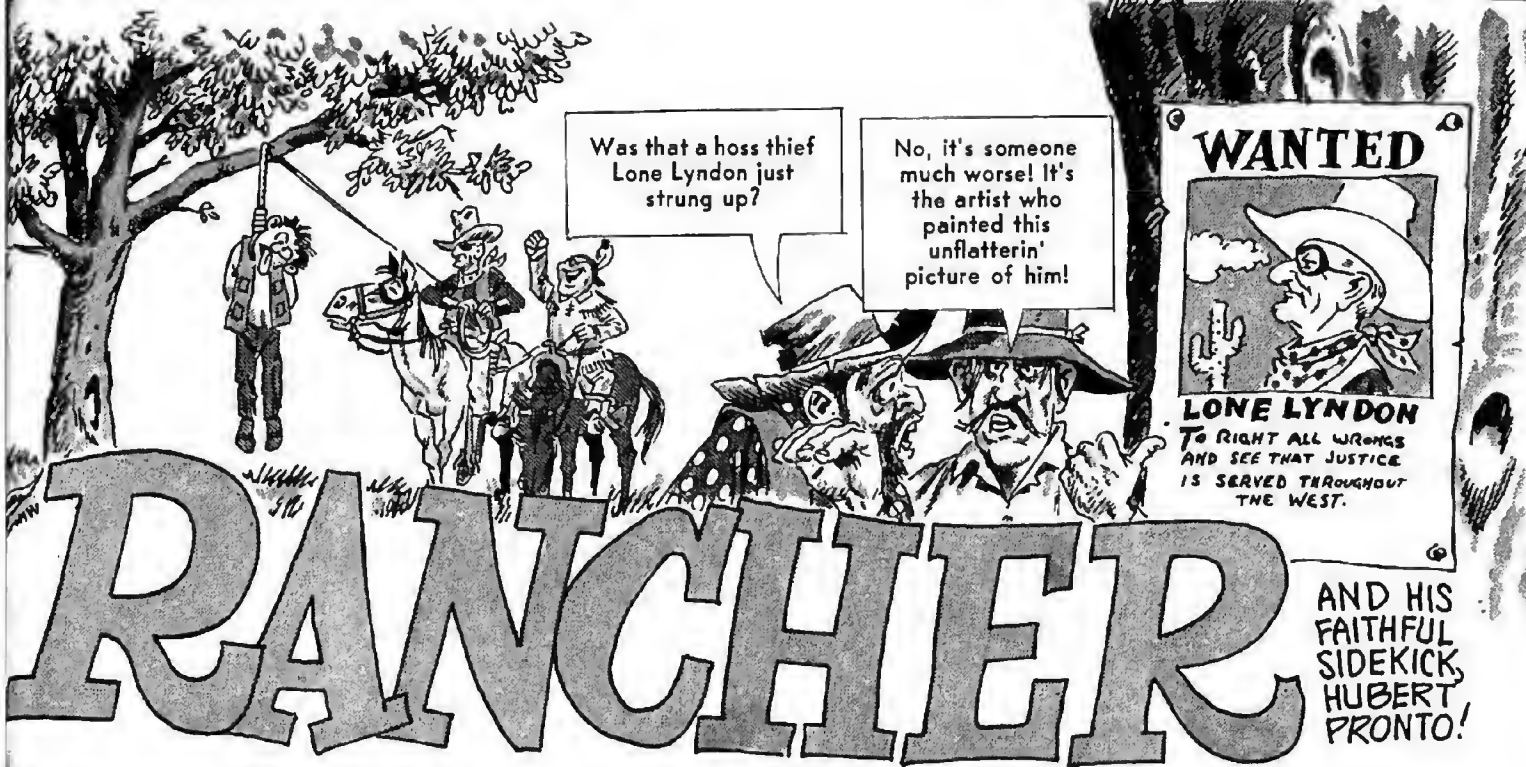
So let us imagine today's world back in the days of yesteryear. Let us visualize a cloud of non-polluted dust from out of which comes a fiery horse with the speed of a Congress about to adjourn for vacation. Astride that white steed, a masked rider gives forth with a hearty HI-YO SILVER SHORTAGE! It's...

# THE LONE

## SHOWDOWN AT THE VIETNAM CORRAL





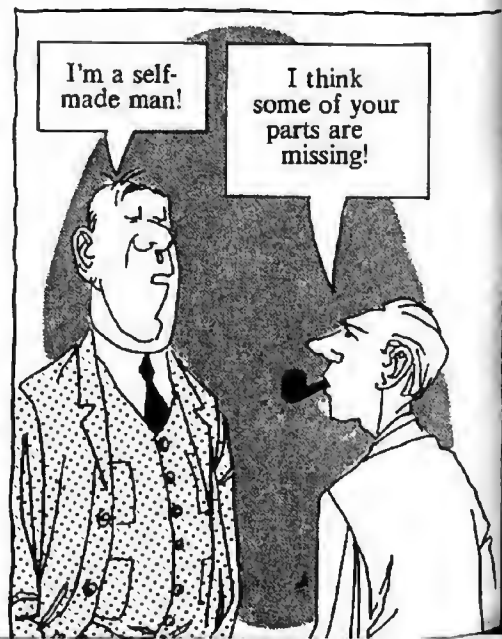
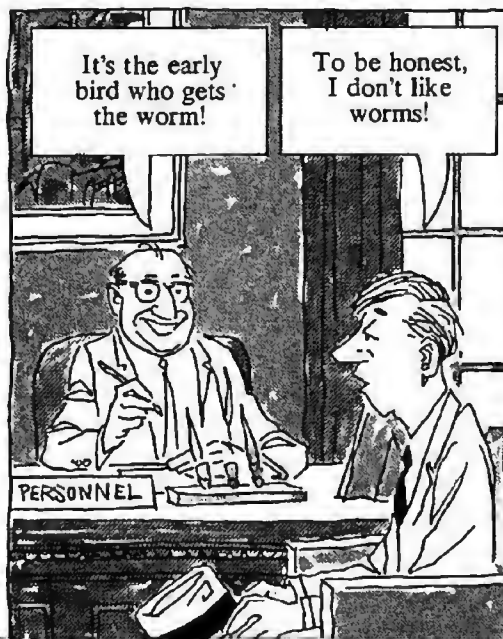
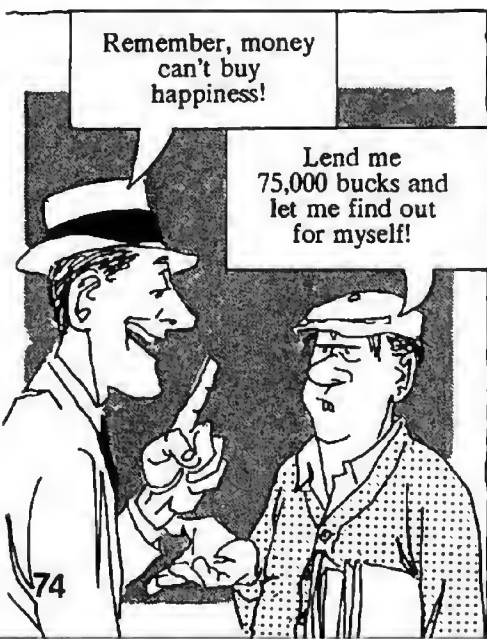
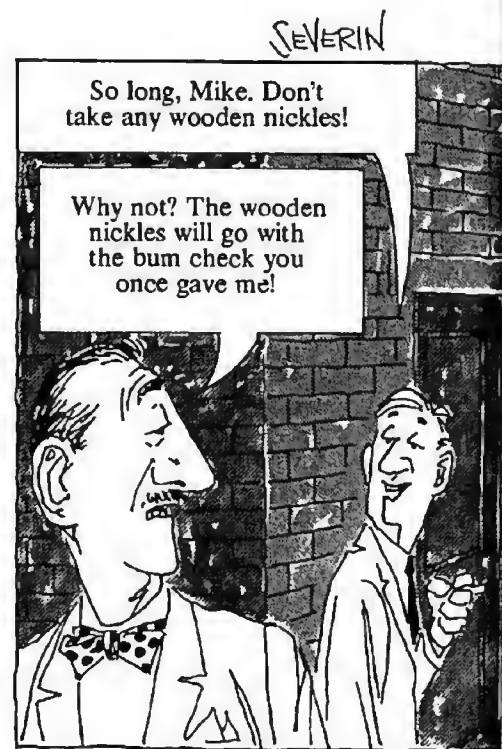
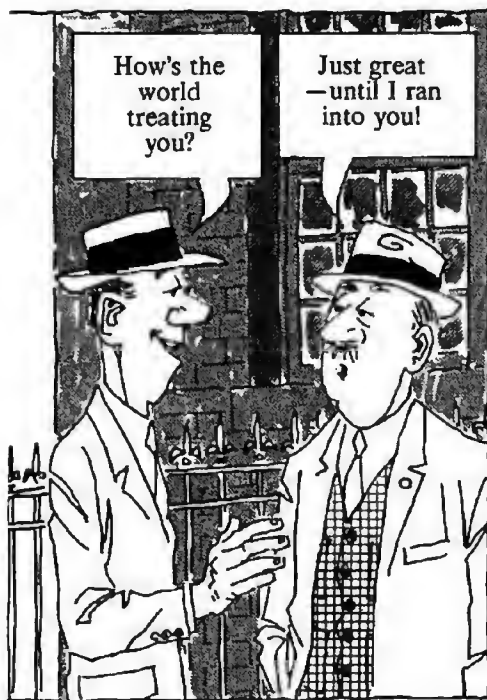


## BOBBY THE KID DERIDES AGAIN



**T**he average person in the course of an average day must be hit by at least five or six clichés—enough to cause a slight headache. We at CRACKED have started a campaign to give all the cliché-sufferers a chance to fight back with some fast answers by making use of . . .

# Cracked's Snappy Comebacks!





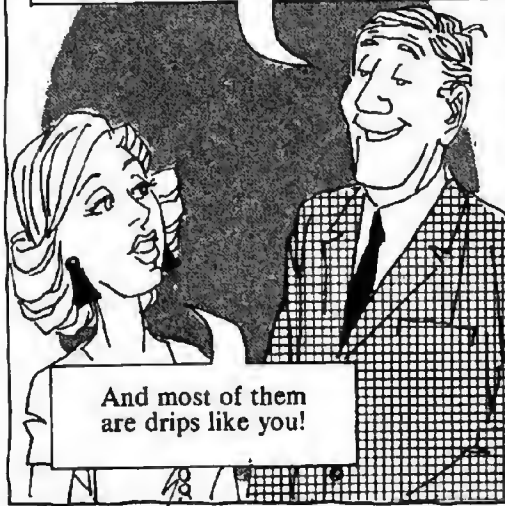
Read any good books lately?

Yes, my check book!



Always remember that into each life some rain must fall!

And most of them are drips like you!



My wife doesn't understand me!

Of course not! She's Spanish and you talk to her in French!



The bigger they are, the harder they fall!

Yep, and I hope they fall right on you!



A fool and his money are soon parted.

Then how come you can hold onto yours?

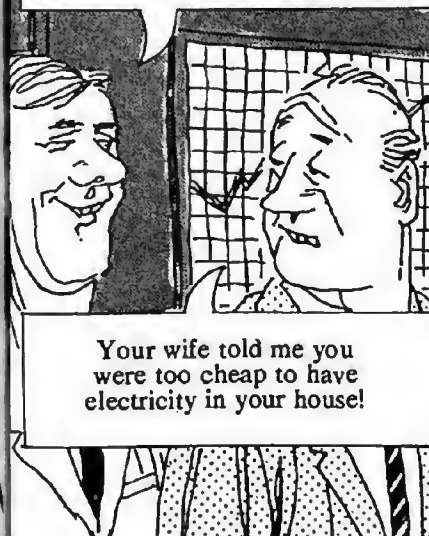


A rolling stone gathers no moss!

Well, don't stand here; keep rolling!



It's better to light one, tiny candle than to curse the darkness!



Your wife told me you were too cheap to have electricity in your house!

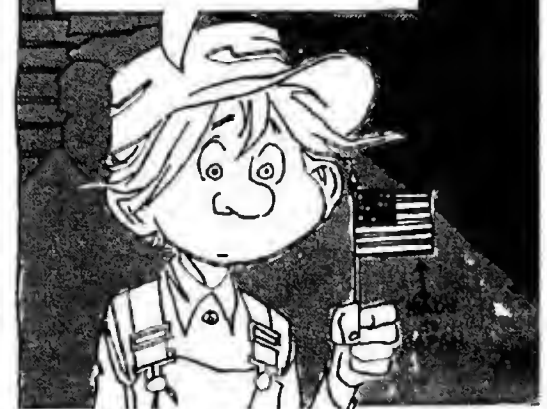
Rome wasn't built in a day!

And if you'd been working on it, it would have taken them 10,000 years!



...AND CRACKED'S FAMOUS JANITOR, SYLVESTER P. SMYTHE, SAYS . . .

A poor workman blames his tools. My mops, brooms and buckets were made in Japan!



# THE CONDEMNED MAN

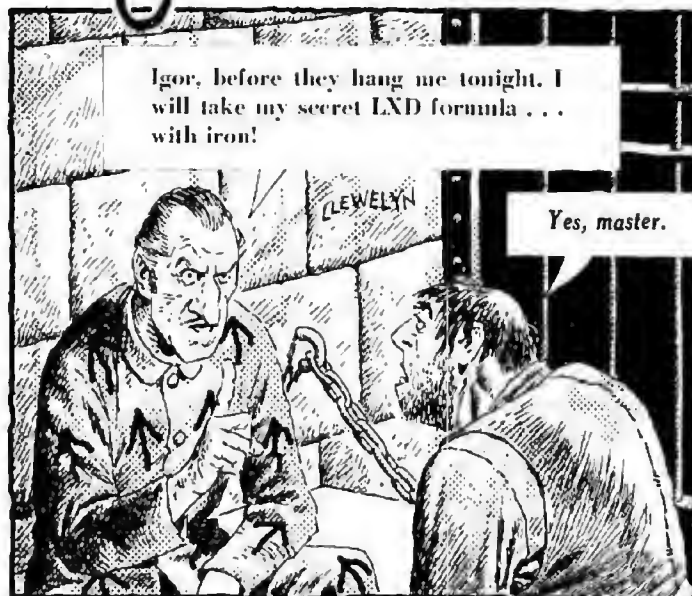


You have been found guilty of murder. It is the sentence of this court that on the night of January 13th, you be hanged by the neck until you are dead.



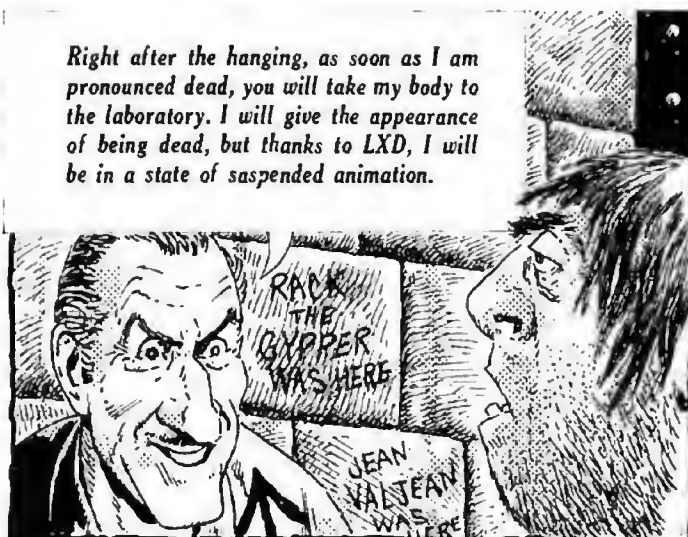
Squares! Fools! Do they really think they can kill Dr. Bonerath?

Igor, before they hang me tonight, I will take my secret LXD formula . . . with iron!

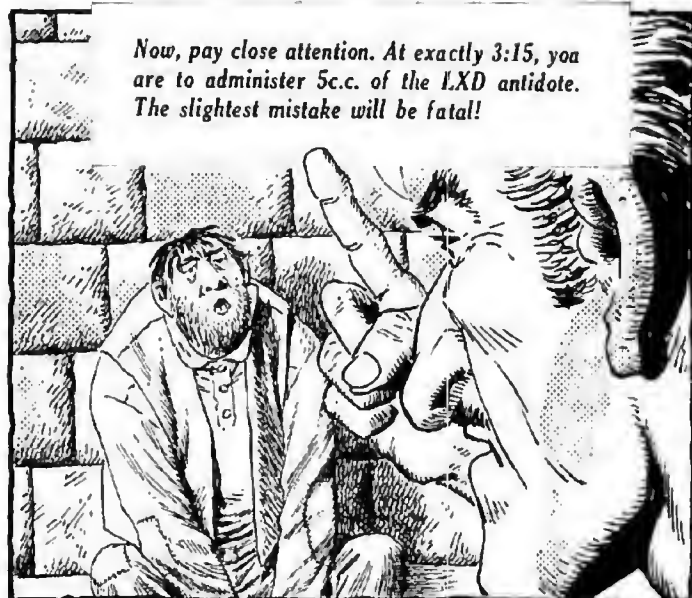


Yes, master.

Right after the hanging, as soon as I am pronounced dead, you will take my body to the laboratory. I will give the appearance of being dead, but thanks to LXD, I will be in a state of suspended animation.



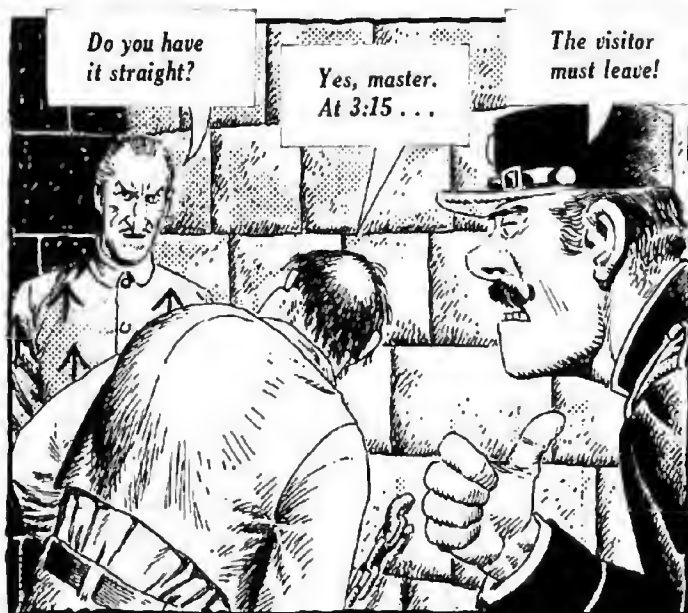
Now, pay close attention. At exactly 3:15, you are to administer 5c.c. of the LXD antidote. The slightest mistake will be fatal!



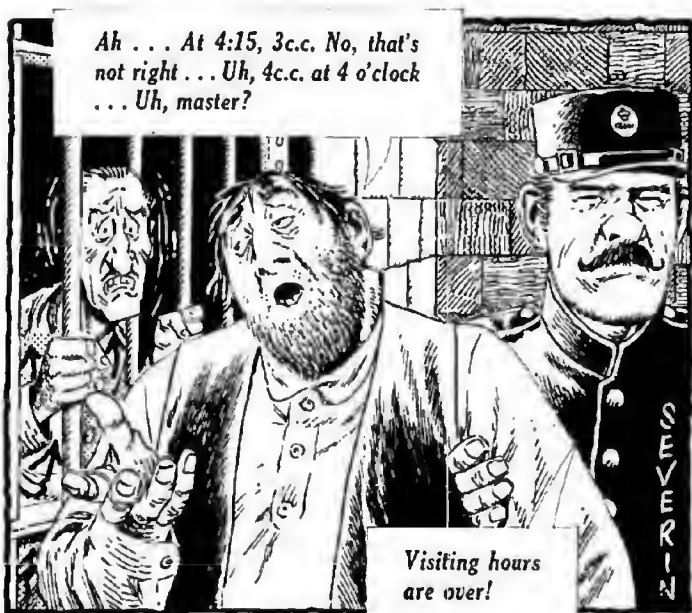
Do you have it straight?

Yes, master. At 3:15 . . .

The visitor must leave!



Ah . . . At 4:15, 3c.c. No, that's not right . . . Uh, 4c.c. at 4 o'clock . . . Uh, master?



Visiting hours are over!



## EDITOR'S NOTE:

Welcome to VOLUME ONE of the long deserved tribute to one of the greatest American cartoonists ever born. As Editor-in-Chief of all the CRACKED titles, it has been my pleasure and privilege to work with THE artist most identified with CRACKED, JOHN POWERS SEVERIN. His incredible talent has made GENERATIONS of readers giggle over his gags!

This prolific genius of the comic art world was hatched on December 25, 1921. As you may guess, John usually gets shortchanged when it comes to birthday and Christmas gift giving time. John's art skills were self taught and as these very pages will attest, he is in command of a great variety of illustrating styles and techniques.

By 1932, when he was 11, John's cartoons were appearing in the HOBOKEN NEWS. His first comic book work was a crime story for the famous JOE SIMON & JACK KIRBY team in 1947. John quickly moved on to becoming writer, editor and artist on many Western comics, like AMERICAN

EAGLE which WILL ELDER also collaborated on.

Severin's style was very sharp by the time he was working for the legendary EC Comics of the 1950s. He became well known for his beautiful and meticulous attention to detail and accuracy. John also edited TWO FISTED TALES for them and did many stories for the early issues of the original MAD.

After EC went out of business in 1955, John worked for many comics publishers...in particular, STAN LEE'S (pre-MARVEL) ATLAS Comics. He did more westerns and war comics and later did the HULK and SGT. FURY for them.

He's also whipped up some way-out and weird horror comics for CREEPY, HARVEY KURTZMAN'S HELP! and FOR MONSTERS ONLY!

John's sister MARIE SEVERIN is also a well-known artist, herself. She recently did a super GOLDEN GIRLS parody for CRACKED #222 and is re-coloring her original work for the RUSS

COCHRAN EC REPRINT series. While Marie is famous for her coloring, it's a little known fact that her brother John is color blind! Despite this handicap, John has amazingly produced over 230 color covers for CRACKED!

At a conservative estimate, Sev has easily illustrated over 2000 pages for CRACKED since the first issue in 1958. He literally created our mascot SYLVESTER P. SMYTHE and nurtured him into the lovable little nebbish we all know and dig so much! And of course, titanic new tales are being crafted by John and appear in every issue of CRACKED.

So, here's to you JOHN SEVERIN, the great artist and YOU, the CRACKED reader, who is lucky enough to own such a collection of Severin's art! Hope you enjoy it!

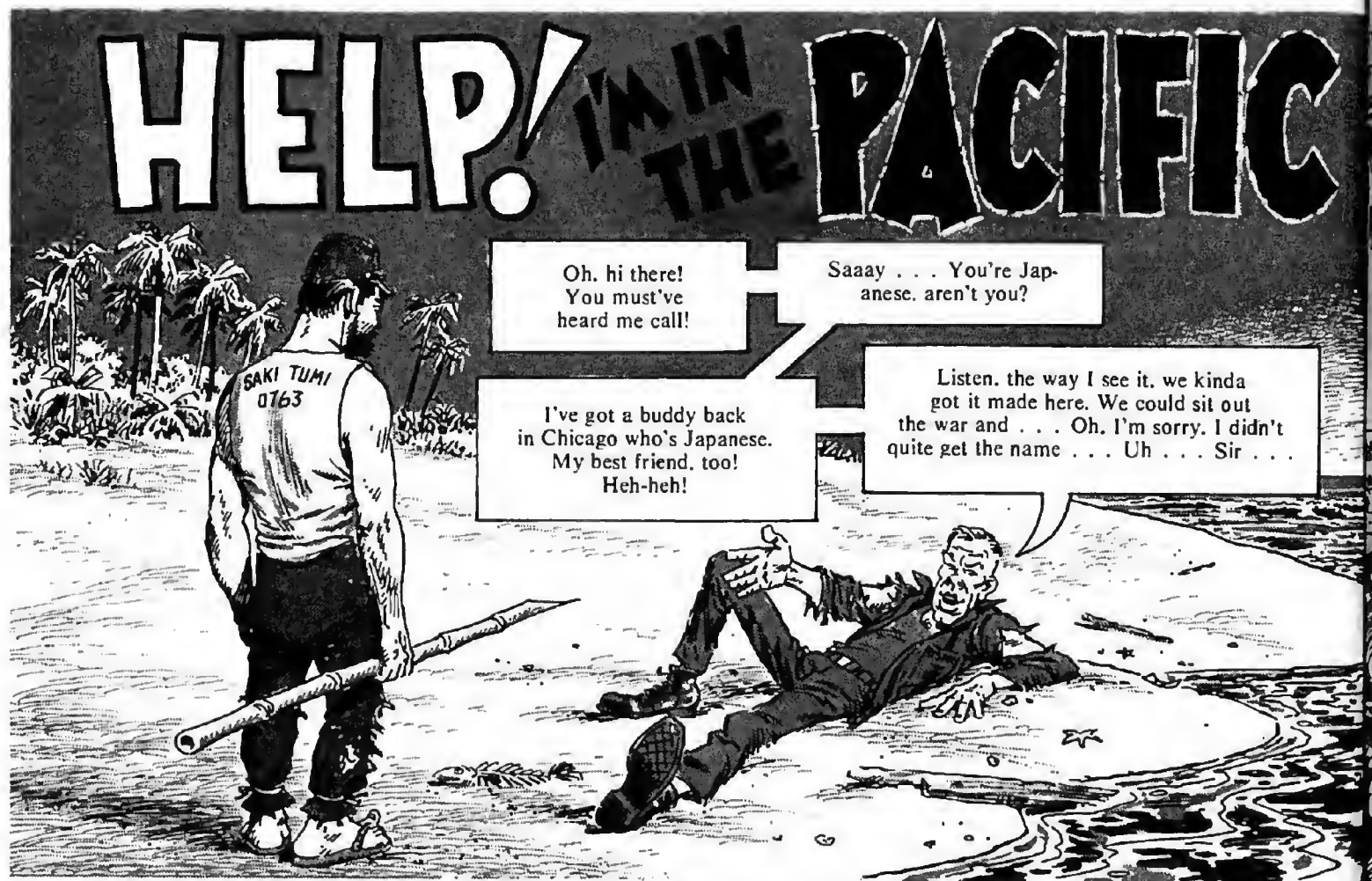
*Michael and MORT*

## WHAT CAME FROM WHERE

This FIRST VOLUME of the ART of JOHN SEVERIN reprints material from CRACKED #1 through #79. Here is a run down of pages and what issue they are from: Pages 4-5 are from issue #1; 6-9, #4; 10-12, #5; 13-18, #8; 19-21, #10; 22-23, #12; 24-25, #15; 26-27, #17; 28, #19; 29, #23; 30-31, #27; 32-37, #28; 38-39, #29; 40-45, #31; 46, #32; 47-52, #34; 53-55, #39; 56-57, #40; 58-62, #51; 63-66, #59; 67-71, #63; 72-73, #65; 74-75, #75; 76, #64; 78-82, #79. Page 2 (inside front cover) is from #27 and page 83 (inside back cover) is from #15.



**T**here's a recent war movie out that didn't have the usual loud sounds of war-like bombs and artillery to irritate you. Instead, the script dealt with the relationship of two enemy soldiers stranded together on an island during World War II and their struggle to survive. (Come to think of it, the movie needs some bombs and artillery to keep you awake!) The movie opens as the American Marine, played by Lee Marvin, finds himself washed up on the island. With an incredible cool and nerves of steel, he calmly throws back his head and yells as loud as he can...



WROTE BY STU SCHWARTZBERG — DRAWN BY EDVARD SEVERIN

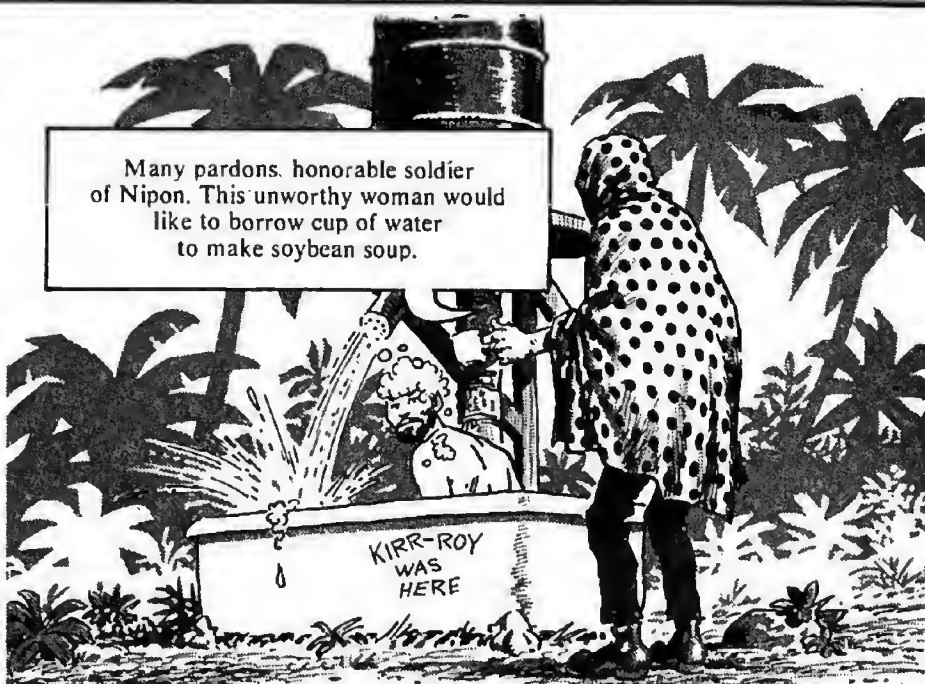




With a little luck,  
I should be able  
to pass as a  
Japanese housewife!



Many pardons, honorable soldier  
of Nipon. This unworthy woman would  
like to borrow cup of water  
to make soybean soup.



Man, these orientals  
are clever! I wonder  
how he saw through  
my disguise?



Now wait a minute!  
Just wait a minute!



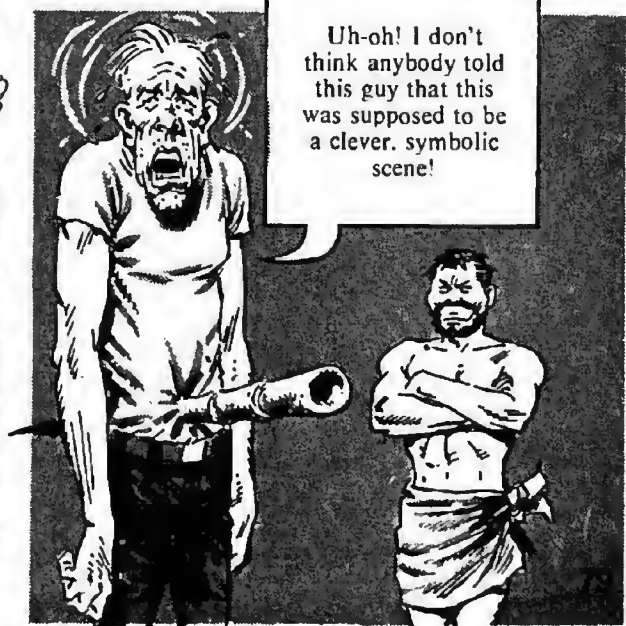
Look, fella . . . I've  
tried to be friendly,  
but if it's a fight you want,  
it's a fight you'll get!



Don't worry, folks. We're not really fighting!  
It's just a very a clever scene where the  
camera looks into our minds to show what  
we'd like to do to each other!



Uh-oh! I don't  
think anybody told  
this guy that this  
was supposed to be  
a clever, symbolic  
scene!



I don't think he's quite over his moodiness from before. Maybe I better duck into the jungle and hide awhile!

最初に使  
の回極操  
方法によ  
居御使

OU! HOOOOO. HEE!

JAB JAB JAB

טפשה  
טפשה  
נרקב

Wow! Listen to the way he's talking! He really is mad! What's he doing now?

I get it! He's tryin' to smoke me out! Ha! I'll just hold my breath and outrun the smoke!

What a dummy he is! Attaboy, Marine. Just hold your breath and outrun the smoke.

The only thing is, this is exhausting me and making me lose all sense of direction.

AH-HA!

Suddenly his plan becomes more and more clear.

His plan was to get me to hold my breath and outrun the smoke!

KLUNK!

Whew! How long have I been out? Hey, what's this thing I'm locked up in?

Listen, buddy . . . I believe in carrying my fair share of the load here, but this is ridiculous!

HONOURABLE VICTORY GARDEN

RETTUCE

PEAS

TERIYAKI

JAB JAB JAB

SUKIYAKI

SAKIYUKI

LICE

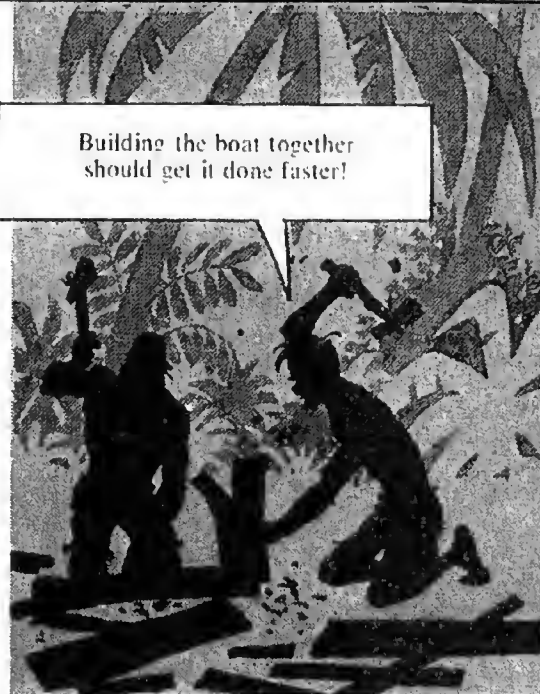


This isn't getting us  
anywhere. We've got to work  
together and build a boat!

The logical thing to do is  
to get off this safe, sunny island  
with its bountiful food supply  
and set off into a vast stormy  
ocean in an open boat!



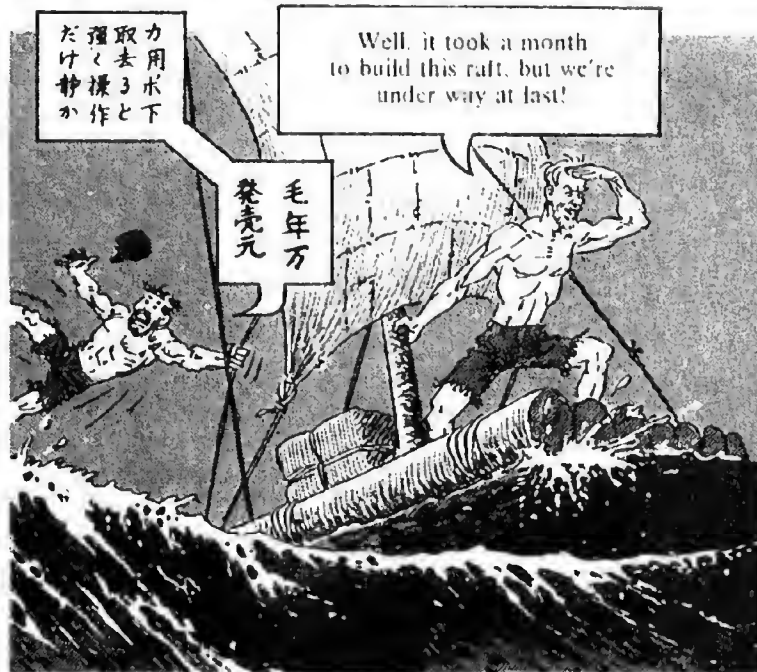
Building the boat together  
should get it done faster!



I think we forgot to allow for  
our different cultural backgrounds!



Well, it took a month  
to build this raft, but we're  
under way at last!



WEEK LATER . . .

Land!



I wonder who else is here?  
Japanese or Americans? Why don't  
you go out there and see  
if you draw any fire?



On the other hand, maybe I  
should go out and investigate!

使用法

Confound that  
blasted pointed  
stick!



What's this? Chopsticks and bowls of rice! The Japanese were here and they left the place lookin' like a pigsty! Hmph! It figures!

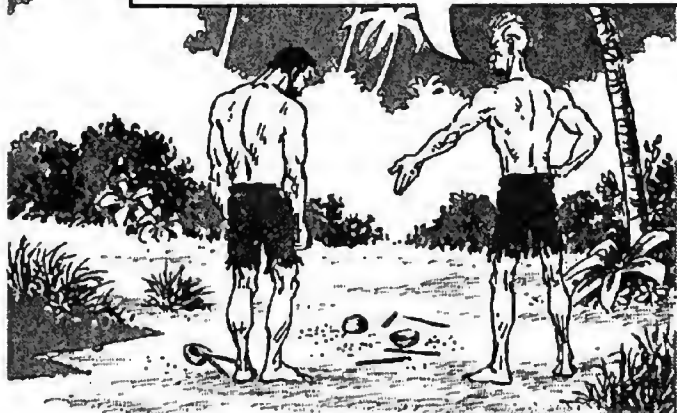


表  
異  
種  
格

What are you pointin' at? Oh, yeah. Americans were here, too. I guess we did (Cough!) kind of leave a few things lyin' around! (Cough!)



Looks like both sides were here and left. Hey, the Japanese left behind this bottle of saki!



使  
用  
法

What's that? Oh, it's an American magazine. So whatya so hot about? Lemme see it!



万  
年  
毛  
筆  
專  
用  
筆

What th'...



That's horrible! Ugly! Obscene! I don't blame you for being angry!



If that's what they're wearin' back home, I hope they never find us! C'mon, buddy! Let's finish this bottle of saki!



此の使用方法  
説明書は  
容器の  
先端を  
差込

丁  
什  
五  
元  
力





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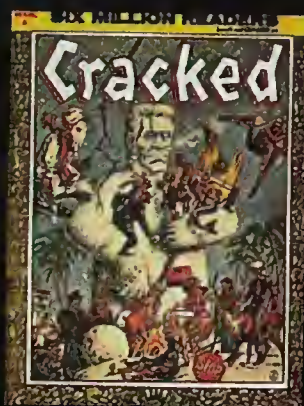


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# THE CRACKED COVER ART OF JOHN SEVERIN



#8 MAR. 1959



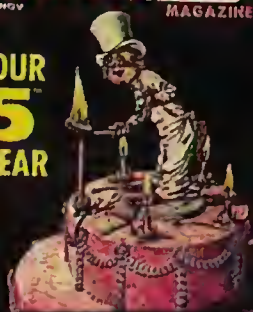
#12 MAR. 1960



#22 NOV. 1961

SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY ISSUE  
CRACKED  
MAGAZINE

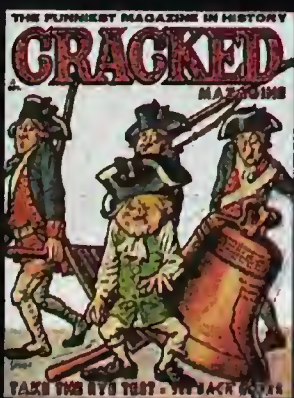
OUR  
5  
YEAR



#27 NOV. 1962



#28 FEB. 1963



#31 SEPT. 1963



#40 NOV. 1964



#45 AUG. 1965



#53 JULY 1966



#65 NOV. 1967



#69 JULY 1968